





## PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

## SOME OF THE NEEDS OF THE HOUR WELL STATED.

Latin Professors Who Would Stamp Demosthenes and Cicero—"The Syllogistic Hash Known as Logic"—Education for Every-Day Life.

LOS ANGELES, Aug. 19.—[To the Editor of THE TIMES: As the summer vacation is passing away, educational advertisements are now beginning to appear in the newspapers, while school circulars are in active motion through the mails. In one of these circulars just issued a hint is given of a deficiency in the present methods of instruction. But it is a deficiency not peculiar to the latest methods. Sir Walter Scott's famous character of "Domine Sampson" is rather a representative portrait than a caricature of many persons who pass for learned people. In the circular referred to a thorough understanding of the so-called common branches is put forward as an essential in all education. At first sight this looks like a platitude, a banality. Yet there are Domine Sampsons everywhere, that is to say, persons deficient in the knowledge of the common branches, the useful things of daily requirement.

The main requisite in all education is thorough grounding in the elements of knowledge. It was the saying of a practical philosopher, who won his education under difficulties, that the man who "knows his A B C's has the key to all knowledge." This pithy saying has been often quoted, but not often enough, it would seem, to reach the popular understanding. A "finely dressed education" is too often found to be a coat of varnish covering lapses in education. The cracks will show when the test is applied. What is called, and sometimes slightly, a common-school education, is essential to everybody.

English-speaking people have a great advantage in the fact that whatever is worth knowing or reading may be found printed in their own language. Translations abound of whatever is valuable in the modern literature of every nation. Whatever of value survives of the ancient literatures is likewise given to us in English. Even the pyramids and the Assyrian mounds are sifted, both of the latest measures and of their antiquity. The undreamed has nothing to do against Mr. Adams' "college fetish," namely, the study of the dead languages in a high-school curriculum. But the person who can read a good translation of Homer and fully understand it, is better equipped than the classical who can read the original, but to whom even the translation remains "Greek" still, on account of his deficiency in knowledge of "common branches." Among common things, the things most common and necessary, is the mother tongue. Among things uncommon, the most notable is the correct use of the English language. Our public schools throughout the land, certainly the best in the world, do teach English, the "King's English," the highest literary English, but they teach it in the abstract, i. e., as analytically dissected into its logical elements of syntax, prosody, and rhetoric. They may teach when Milton slips in his measure and when Addison was a false metaphor, but they do not teach English as applied for a business purpose, in a business letter, in a contract, or a set of account-books. They teach the sciences of geometry, trigonometry and algebra, which are the abstract elements of surveying and engineering, but they do not teach the arts of surveying and engineering. Our schools teach natural philosophy, or the principles of mechanics in the abstract, but of how to build or run an engine, a press, or a loom. The true mental training is to be found, not in giving names to the various elements of motion involved in mechanism, but in constructing and "running the machine." They teach the Latin and Greek languages in their grammatical principles and construction, as understood by the moderns, but the ripest Hellenists and Latinists concede that there is not now living a professor who could have made himself understood to Demosthenes or Cicero. Our schools teach the syllogistic hash, known as logic, but not the practical art of debating, or of trying a cause in court. They teach astronomy, but not how to take an observation of latitude and longitude. They teach political economy, but not the effect of a duty on prices. They do teach chemistry if it relates to the atomic formula by which the composition of the alkaloids and salts are explained; and also the modes of chemical union of such atomic elements as oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, etc., in the various commercial compounds. But the knowledge which in the development of the human mind preceded these abstractions, the knowledge how to bake bread, make soup, etc., is not taught. Philosophy can not cook beefsteak. Commercial schools, which pretend to fit young men and women for the practicalities of the counting-room are often taught and conducted by parties who, though well educated, yet, for want of special qualification, could not secure a book-keeper's desk in any reputable establishment.

Meanwhile, the demand for men and women educated in the practical arts is excess of the supply in all the great industries. On our railroads, immigrants or green fingers who cannot read the signs of the times—"Eight rods to crossings—slow here"—when painted a sign-board for their direction, and know nothing of the history or structure of a steam engine, are promoted to be engineers, from necessity, and are instructed with hundreds of books. These men are better paid than the school teachers, because their occupations are more important than those of the mere pedagogues.

It is a pity that there is no school in the entire country but the dangerous school of experience, which will teach a man anything about a locomotive or a stationary engine. Foreign boiler manufacturers removing their factories to America in search of our larger market must bring their operations with them, because in America the rising generation—and the declining, too—generally fight shy of manual labor.

is the American educational system, illustrated in our public schools, designed to prepare young men and women only for the "parasite" professions of law, medicine, theology, journalism, teaching and literature, and not for the self-sustaining and productive pursuits of manufacturing, farming, merchandizing and transportation? A. P. DREZ.

Mrs Anna B. Lockwood, an octogenarian of Fallsburg, N. Y., who is supposed to be dying, almost captivated Lafayette once. A grand reception was held in his honor at Newburg. He was greatly taken up with Miss Lockwood, and took her to tea, and she was called the belle of the evening.

## SAN DIEGO.

Progress of the Port Commercial and Marine Movements.

SAN DIEGO, Aug. 20.—[Correspondence of THE TIMES.] The real-estate boom in the "southwest corner" waxes stronger as the time approaches for pilgrim and tenderfoot to hie themselves away from the zone of uncertain temperature to the land of bay climate. All around the bay new towns are springing up like magic, and the wide-awake real-estate men are now invading the fertile little valleys a dozen or fifteen miles inland, and staking out 25x140's for suburban residence property, with assurances to purchasers of quick communication with the city by electric or steam motor railroad, and "plenty of pure water piped to every lot." Prices are daily advancing, and old-timers buy even more readily than newcomers.

Spreckels, John D., a "chip of the old block," has been here and said it, and "consequently great things are looked for with the advent of the foreign commerce he has promised to bring." His application for a wharf franchise, together with the filling of the San Diego Canal, the formation of the Spreckels Brothers' Commercial Company, of San Diego, would indicate strictly business. The purposes of the company are stated to be the building of a bonded warehouse and transaction of a general commission, ship and warehouse business. Two hundred thousand dollars is the capital stock, and the directors are J. D. Spreckels, A. B. Spreckels, C. A. Spreckels, E. S. Babcock, Jr., and Charles T. Hinds. The wharf franchise has been granted and land bought for the warehouse. The latter will cost about \$40,000. Spreckels says there is no reason why the merchants of Southern California and adjacent Territories should pay for goods shipped to San Francisco, to be re-shipped south, thereby largely increasing cost. Hence his action.

The steamer City of Topeka is due here from San Francisco next Monday to inaugurate the International Steamship service between San Diego and San José de Guatamala, touching at twenty-two ports in Mexico and Central America. By the terms of the concession from the Mexican Government to the International Company of Mexico, San Diego is specified as the northern terminus of the Mexican International Pacific and Gulf of California Steamship line. Mail is carried to be taken and delivered at this port, and there all of the lines will be joined and clear.

Three large iron steamships will soon be running, all sailing under the Mexican flag. The City of Topeka will be used but temporarily. Practical business men here are sanguine in their belief that the opening of the new line will mark an era in the prosperity of Southern California by the opening of quick communication with the Mexican and Central American States, with which it is thought a large and profitable trade can be established.

The new Pierce-Morse five-story business block, an elegant structure, has just been completed. It is built mostly of iron and brick, and is brilliantly illuminated at night throughout by the Edison system of incandescent electric light. The height is of sixteen stories and 375 feet in number. A row of lamps encircles the exterior of the tower, over 100 feet from the ground, giving it the appearance of a crown, thickly studded with bright diamonds. Other fine blocks are contemplated, and will soon take substantial form.

The mooted question of street-sprinkling is about to be settled by the city dales buying the necessary water carts and ordering the work to proceed. With a twelve-mile bayfull of water to draw from and its source the Pacific Ocean, it is well-nigh impossible to convince the ordinary citizen that there is any excuse for the indiscriminate and free circulation of so much pulverized real-estate. "Salt water or fresh water, but wet down the streets!" is the way the majority feel.

AT SANTA BARBARA.

Arrival of the Los Angeles Excursion Train.

SANTA BARBARA, Aug. 20.—[Correspondence of THE TIMES.] From Newhall down there was quite an ovation all the way, and as the day was warm, Mr. Surdam, of Bardsdale, presented each of the passengers with a fan. At Ventura beautifully printed cards of welcome were presented to each person. The inscription on the card was: "Fruits and flowers, presented with the compliments of the citizens of Ventura, the City of the West, to you, our cardinal invitation to come and see our beautiful country on our return." These cards, 3x4 inches in size, in white envelopes, were handed around by young ladies, who were followed by young men bearing huge baskets filled with paper sacks of luscious fruits of various varieties; these were distributed as the cards had been, and then followed baskets of beautiful flowers, and every passenger received flowers for a small bouquet. The young people who passed these things wore blue badges, inscribed "Ventura Reception Committee." At Carpenteria the brass band gave us a fine serenade. At different places along the route school children were out in line, and cheered us as the train, which was handsomely decorated with flags and garlands and bouquets of flowers, went whirling by. The Los Angeles train was the first which arrived in Santa Barbara.

To Be Damned.

Scaled proposals for the pile-driving for the construction of a dam in the New San Gabriel River, on the lands of the California Co-operative Colony, will be received at the office of the Colony, room 8 and 4, Newell block, West Second street, Los Angeles, up to noon Saturday, August 27th. The board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

By order of the Board of Directors. Ralph E. Hoy, President.

The sales of the Wolfskill Orchard tract amount in the past two days to over one million dollars, and the demand at the office of the Los Angeles Land Bureau, No. 20 West First street, still continues. We advise any desiring lots in this tract not to delay beyond this week.

Thirty dollars cash and \$20 per month for beautiful high and level residence lots, now selling for \$200 and \$250 per lot, will sell for double that in fifty days. Call and go see these lots. Pipher & Co., 28 North Main street, will take you free.

Contract to Let.

For digging two 25-foot cesspools, one cellar and the filling off with sandy loam and red gravel. Call on George O. Ford, No. 2, corner Main and First streets.

The Barton Land and Water Company. Stock in this company is as safe as bank stock and will pay a better dividend. Apply to W. P. McIntosh, 122 N. Spring street.

Wednesday, August 26th, is the day "Ocean Spray," the gem of all Santa Monica property.

"Ocean Spray" joins "Wave Crest."

REAL ESTATE IS ALL THE GO NOW: SO IS GYPSY QUEEN CIGARETTES ALBERT MAU & CO., San Francisco, Sole Agents.

## Real Estate.

## FOR SALE—BARGAINS,

BY

MCCONNELL, BANDHOLT & MERWIN,

230 NORTH MAIN STREET.

Three lots on Adams st. and Howland ave. \$1500 each—Fine lots on west side of Figueroa st., between Washington and Pico; lots \$1200 to \$1500.

\$1200—Lot 50x150, to an alley, on Pico. \$1500—Lot 50x150, to an alley, on Adams st. \$1500 each—Two lots in University addition. \$1500—Lot 50x150 on Angelic Heights, near Hall's mansion, cheap.

Corner lot on Adams st. 50x200, dotted with orange and pear trees, choice grapes, size bush. Just the place for a lovely home; \$250 will buy it.

Lot 50x200, to an alley; clean side; front on Figueroa, beautiful Elysian Park; clean side-walks.

Lot 50x150 on Figueroa, near Pico st., lots with orange trees; only \$750.

\$1000—Lot 50x150 in Victor Heights.

\$200—Lot 50x150 on Utoway ave., between Tenth and Eleventh; 300 feet of Pearl; clean side-walks.

\$60—Lot in City Center tract; clean side.

\$1000 will buy two lots in Sisters of Charity tract.

\$600 will buy two lots, corner Temple and Figueroa st., worth \$1500, and well worth it, to be sold.

\$1500 spot cash, for choice residence lot on Philadelphia, three blocks of postoffice.

\$1500—Corner lot on Eighth, just off of Main.

\$1500—Lot 50x150 on Second st.

\$1000 near Ontario; \$100 per acre.

\$1000, three miles west of city; \$350 per acre.

\$1000 on Main street, four miles from city; \$125 per acre; now, speculators, buy this.

20 acres in city limits, suitable for subdividing; \$100 per acre, one-half acre.

18 acres, one-fourth of a mile from city limits; one of the finest improved homes in California; and only \$800 per acre; worth \$1200.

\$600 for the finest 6-room house on Aliso ave., Boyle Heights, overlooking the "City of Angels"; \$1500 will buy a 4-room cottage in East Los Angeles; new and pretty.

8-room house, modern improvements, on Figueroa st.; \$1500 will buy a 6-room cottage on York st.; 300 feet of Figueroa.

\$600 for a 4-room cottage on York, near Figueroa.

MCCONNELL, BANDHOLT & MERWIN,

Real-Estate Agents. 230 North Main St.

Real Estate—Kohler & Frohling Tract.

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**BY THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.**  
H. G. OTIS,  
President and General Manager.  
ALBERT McFARLAND,  
Vice-President, Treasurer, and Business Manager.  
W. M. A. SPALDING, Secretary.

**SALINAS** progresses, and canned goods are on a tear.

The late Mormon prophet, John Taylor, has been dug up.

**POMONA** has voted school bonds with commendable unanimity.

"**SARDINA FEVER**"—whatever that may be—is loose in Old Mexico.

**TWENTY-ONE** carloads of people arrived at San José in one day. Begins to look like a boom.

A LITERARY CHARACTER by the name of Hoss has brought out a book on the Here and Hereafter.

Our man has not got round to that dragon yet; but "sit still, Horace, and I'll get you there," as Mr. Monk said.

The International Company of Mexico has what is called a "manifold scheme." Manifold is another term for gauzy.

**SAN DIEGO** is rejoicing at the prospect of a free postal delivery. The city is accredited by Government experts with a population of 15,000.

**HENRY WATTERSON** favors dress reform for men. Fat ones, he thinks, should don a sort of Mother Hubbard. Let the reform commence at the White House.

The Oakland boom appears to have actually materialized. The real-estate movement there has more substantial and less feverish features than has the San José article.

It would be rather preposterous to charge the President with having made a bid for the vote of California in his award of the contract for Cruiser No. 5 to a San Francisco firm.

The United Labor Convention of New York has put a full State ticket in the field, headed by Henry George for Secretary of State. George professes to believe that success is in sight. Mr. George is a hopeful.

**GEORGE BRINSKI**, the President's substitute in the war that Mr. Cleveland did not help fight out, is dead. He died in a soldier's home. Grover can now go into the presidential campaign with only the ghost of the dead man camping on his trail.

The railroads of California are assessed by the State Board of Equalization this year at \$48,100,000. This is, of course, independently of that portion of all railway property which is assessable by the county assessors of the several counties through which the lines run.

**CALIFORNIA PEACHES** are being hawked about the streets of Tucson at 25 cents apiece, while in Los Angeles and San Francisco they command, at certain times, 25 cents a basket. California grapes go to the "sun-kissed land" by the ton, and are sold there at high prices. This state of facts causes the Arizona Citizen to groan because of the tardiness of the people in planting where nature favors a luxuriant growth.

**GEN. NELSON A. MILES**, commanding the Department of Arizona, has organized a mock campaign on an extensive scale for the troops under his command, which will give them a lot of field work and perhaps some fun. It is a good military move. Soldiers in garrison need stirring up once in a while. Besides, the instruction that may be acquired in such a campaign will be invaluable to the frontier army. The details of the proposed war will be found somewhere inside of this paper.

YESTERDAY was a red-letter day for Santa Barbara. The railroad celebration there was largely attended. There was a big time, and the populace gave vent to their rejoicing over the consummation of an event to which they have looked forward for years. The telegraph gives the points of the celebration, and our special correspondent, now on the ground, will send a more detailed report hereafter. The advent of the cast-iron house in our handsome neighbor coast town marks an epoch in her history, and she is bound to go ahead now. We have always predicted that this coast line would prove the favorite route of travel from the East and South to the Golden Gate. It will draw heavily from the less attractive and less comfortable interior route, and result in building up the southern ocean border of the State.

## POINTS OF THE MORNING'S NEWS.

Colorado State troops advancing on the Utes....Santa Barbara celebrating the railroad's arrival....Chamberlain denies that he has abandoned the Unionist party....Daily fruit trains to be run from Sacramento this week....Sardina fever in Sonora, Mexico....Santa Ana votes \$50,000 for sewers....A Traver man's narrow escape from death by morphine....The Flagstaff citizens organize to hang incendiaries....Remains of late Mormon President Taylor placed in a granite sepulchre....An Idaho express messenger arrested for robbery....Fire at Starbuck, Wash....Gen. J. R. Kirill very ill....Santa Ana connected with the East by the Atchison system....A Nevada county mine superintendent arrested for stealing amalgam....Statement of Ives' liabilities and assets....Yesterday's base-ball games in the East....Cornell University loses its legacies....Weekly cable letter from Berlin....Death of Cleveland's substitute....New organizations of Knights of Labor....Events on the turf....Senator Hearst in Montana....Hall-storm at Atchison, Kan....Rifle contests at Ft. Snelling and Santa Cruz....Pomona votes \$50,000 in school bonds....A Chinaman fatally shot near Folsom....Ticket nominated by the United Labor party in New York....Colorado's cattle quarantine relaxed....A convict's escape from the Sacramento jail....Arrivals of immigrants at New York during the past week....Suicide of a mother and daughter in New York....Dissensions in the Chautauqua circle....Rapid advance in prices of California canned fruits....Extensive projects of the International Company at San Diego....Trouble over wharf franchises at Coronado Beach.

The human will is tireless. Man studies the forces of nature, he reads history and divines in its records the operations of certain principles running through it like golden threads linking the race to higher hopes. His observation of nature and man teaches him that all being and God are intimately related. That life separated from its causative life would stand ready to perish upon the brink of annihilation. The two cannot be parted.

Each generation may discover new methods of progress and new helps to that end, but underlying all these are the same laws of progression, the same universal tendencies and the same unresting will force. The passion of mortal hunger never dies out. The farther human research attains, the greater its acceleration in the direction of enlightenment. "All the processes of the ages are God's science." All the flow of history is His poetry. There is no such thing as chance in this great universe. Well-established law controls all things. All the changes of nature are subject to it, and human progress is in accordance with it.

## Santa Ana Rejoicing.

The advent of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad in Santa Ana is announced by telegraph. It is a great day for that thriving town and section. The event was foreshadowed in the columns of the Pacific Weekly Blade of last Thursday, in the following extraordinary language:

HIP, HIP, HURRAH!

THE A. T. & S. F. RAILROAD IS ALMOST HERE;

WAKE AND CALL ME, EARLY, MOTHER, CALL ME EARLY MOTHER DEAR,

FOR TOMORROW WILL BE THE BLAMEDEST TIME!—THE RAILROAD WILL BE HERE.

DON'T WAIT FOR PA TOMORROW NIGHT, HE WON'T BE HOME TILL THREE,

FOR ALMOST EVERYBODY CELEBRATES THE COMING SANTA FE.

The good time coming, it is almost here, it was long, long, long on the way; Then run and tell the boys around to "whoop 'er up again."

WILL some one please hold out that white will? Will some one please hold out 50 cents to the "dumb-wop"! Will any one do anything to give us a show to celebrate? We are glad, very glad, to be able to announce to the people of this vicinity that the Santa Fé Railroad is all but here. To-morrow or next day—nothing extraordinary happening—will see the arrival of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad in Santa Ana. Men and brethren, women and sisters, friends, Romans, countrymen and lovers, lend us your ears with which we remark that we are all here and mightily pleased to see at Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé engine and cars so near to Santa Ana.

And so on for quantity. This exacerbation on the part of our Santa Ana contemporary is pardonable under the circumstances. We join in congratulations. Santa Ana deserves her luck.

## Journalists in Politics.

Henry Watterson, of Kentucky, who has just returned from Europe, made the following among other observations at a banquet which was tendered him by the New York Press Club:

I hold that, whatever be the wisdom of the adage about the cobbler sticking to his last, there is no position in which the bards and trained journalists is so much out of place as when holding a place in the official press corps. I am a man who, as shown as I suppose, is not a man trained to hold the official posts and traditions of official life could make a good editor. And no man can successfully mingle journalism and official position. Either he will yield wholly to the official practice, and then he will be a good journalist, but care nothing about anything but the truth, or else, like a good journalist, he will care nothing about anything but the truth. For in journalism there can be but one success, and that is to print the truth, and to print it a little ahead of any body else.

This is a very sound statement of the case, the office-holding objection applying more especially to the appointive offices.

The opening of rail communication with the new port of Ballona marks another long step in the forward march of Los Angeles county. The quick completion of the Los Angeles and Santa Monica Railroad—a link in the California Central chain—and a part of the great Atchison system—has given a strong impulse to improvement in that direction. To reach the sea on its own track is an achievement of consequence for which the enterprising "Boston company" is to be commended.

The coming excursion to and celebration at Port Ballona will be a notable event, and no doubt a large number of our people will avail themselves of the opportunity to take a ride over the new line to the shore of the sea.

LOWER COAST COMMERCE is the subject of an editorial in the San Diego Sun which has good points, the occasion being the expected early departure of the steamer City of Topeka for Lower California and Central American ports, with a cargo from San Diego. The event is expected to mark the beginning of the era of commercial activity heretofore unknown there. Says the Sun: "The day the City of Topeka steams out of this harbor on her first trip to Central America will be a great day for San Diego. It will indeed be a brass band day," and the editor wants it celebrated after that style. Second the motion! Let the band strike up!

HERE is a Los Angeles letter that is the secret of human progress. As the faculties of the soul are developed imagination is kindled, great truths dawn in dim mysteriousness before the mind

s which is filled with unrest. What is before and what is behind his humanity he longs to discover. To gather knowledge is his desire. He is not satisfied with what others have accomplished. He would go farther. The Infinite beckons him on. He finds the multitudinous facts of science all "strung upon the golden threads of law." The grandeur of law as law confronts him. Fearless science lures him to the boundary of infinity, and he dares to travel with her to the utmost limit of his power. The might of his strong will impels him. Where he pauses today the next generation will begin. At the point where his thought is staggered the ideas of those who follow him will be winged to upward.

The human will is tireless. Man studies the forces of nature, he reads history and divines in its records the operations of certain principles running through it like golden threads linking the race to higher hopes. His observation of nature and man teaches him that all being and God are intimately related. That life separated from its causative life would stand ready to perish upon the brink of annihilation. The two cannot be parted.

Each generation may discover new methods of progress and new helps to that end, but underlying all these are the same laws of progression, the same universal tendencies and the same unresting will force. The passion of mortal hunger never dies out. The farther human research attains, the greater its acceleration in the direction of enlightenment. "All the processes of the ages are God's science." All the flow of history is His poetry. There is no such thing as chance in this great universe. Well-established law controls all things. All the changes of nature are subject to it, and human progress is in accordance with it.

The San Francisco Chronicle has an editorial—a somewhat labored, hypercritical production—under the heading or "Dwellers in Glass Houses." It relates to Los Angeles and her boom, and is intended for a rebuke to us as to several particulars. The Chronicle seems to have absorbed the erroneous impression that Los Angeles is puffed up and proud; that she is unduly elated over her progress; that she vaunts much; that she "seeks to exalt herself at the expense of the rest of California;" or, in short, to cook up her hat on one side of her shapely head, insert her thumbs in the armpits of her capacious "weskit," put on a general bejeweled air, and act in an insolent fashion towards the rest of the Commonwealth. This is a mistake. Los Angeles is not that kind of a female. "On the contrary, quite the reverse." She is not proud, but modest. True, she cannot stop her growth if she would; but she does not object to the rest of California's children increasing their height or adding to their avoridous, for she knows none of them can overtake her! She? Hence her complacency.

The Chronicle treats this matter with undue seriousness. It permits itself, in a hair-splitting spirit not heretofore characteristic of its conductor, to rather "go back on" itself in its apparent desire to make head with other sections of the State by putting the check-rein on the blooded racers of the Sunny South. We do not desire to either boast, threaten or appear ungracious toward our respected colleague [substitute for "esteemed contemporary"], which has hitherto been so steady and consistent a friend of Los Angeles and Southern California, but we feel and believe it is our duty to say to the Chronicle, with Spartan firmness, that the thing can't be done; the check-rein can't be put on by man, woman, child, centaur, newspaper, or contem poraneous city. The Southern metropolis is a fiery, untamed steed, that can't be lassled by any journalistic vaquero of the Bay City or any other seaport. And don't you let the perpendicular truth escape from the sounding corrido and innermost recesses of your memory, Mr. De Young!

**Human Progress Governed by Law.**

That the tendency of men is the same through all generations is the incontrovertible teaching of history. The life of the race is but the continuation of individual life, and it presents a constant expansion of thought and a general upward tendency toward truth. The beacon lights of science and of religion brighten from age to age.

As man advances there is no such thing as "soulless law," as far as natural laws are concerned. He sees behind the changes of the universe the mighty forces of Will and the unswerving energy of Intelligent Purpose. What is force but the energizing power of Omnipotent Will? What is natural law but the uniform method of Divine Action? The intelligent thinker does not look upon the universe as a mere machine, perfected by the Creator—put in perfect order, wound up and then left to run itself, whilst its Maker withdraws from it and takes no further interest in the forces that control it. Blind matter cannot run itself. It must be thrilled everywhere, in every particle, by the potency of intelligent will. There is no force in this vast universe but what is the result of will force. There is something more in this world than "a Grand Perhaps." There is fixed certainty, wise government and an overruling Providence. There is no chance-writing in the history of the race. It is all written with the pen of Purpose and of infinite foresight.

Not more certain are the laws governing the social and political life than the laws that control the march of progress, the discoveries of science and the advance of truth. Step by step, little by little the race moves forward and upward.

The Indian loves Nature, "sees God in the clouds and bears Him in the wind," but he finds no well-defined utterance for his worship until Christian civilization meets him and clothes his dull faculties with new vision, and a larger understanding. All nature is, of the Christian philosopher a reflection of the Infinite, a visible sign of Omnipotent Power. It is the revelation of a personal Deity, possessing attributes of perfection such as the untaught savage can never perceive.

It is this same will-force that is the secret of human progress. As the faculties of the soul are developed imagination is kindled, great truths dawn in dim mysteriousness before the mind

## SANTA BARBARA.

## A Railway Jubilee at the City by the Sea.

The California Fruit Boom Exceeding All Calculations.

How a Traver Man Played Druggist and Nearly Died.

A Mining Superintendent's Forgetfulness His Behind the Bars—An Oregon Judge Values a Summer's Life at Just \$1500—Other Coast News.

By Telegraph to The Times.

SANTA BARBARA, Aug. 20.—[By the Associated Press.] The jubilee celebration of the arrival of the railroad was held today. The city was gayly decorated. Business was entirely suspended and the streets were filled with strangers who came in by excursion trains and from the surrounding country. There was an imposing parade. A hundred carriages were in line with distinguished guests. Congressman W. W. Morrow and Gen. Vandever, representatives of the San Francisco Board of Trade, Chamber of Commerce and others.

The human will is tireless. Man studies the forces of nature, he reads history and divines in its records the operations of certain principles running through it like golden threads linking the race to higher hopes. His observation of nature and man teaches him that all being and God are intimately related. That life separated from its causative life would stand ready to perish upon the brink of annihilation. The two cannot be parted.

The San Francisco Chronicle has an editorial—a somewhat labored, hypercritical production—under the heading or "Dwellers in Glass Houses." It relates to Los Angeles and her boom, and is intended for a rebuke to us as to several particulars. The Chronicle seems to have absorbed the erroneous impression that Los Angeles is puffed up and proud; that she is unduly elated over her progress; that she vaunts much; that she "seeks to exalt herself at the expense of the rest of California;" or, in short, to cook up her hat on one side of her shapely head, insert her thumbs in the armpits of her capacious "weskit," put on a general bejeweled air, and act in an insolent fashion towards the rest of the Commonwealth. This is a mistake. Los Angeles is not that kind of a female. "On the contrary, quite the reverse." She is not proud, but modest. True, she cannot stop her growth if she would; but she does not object to the rest of California's children increasing their height or adding to their avoridous, for she knows none of them can overtake her! She? Hence her complacency.

The Chronicle treats this matter with undue seriousness. It permits itself, in a hair-splitting spirit not heretofore characteristic of its conductor, to rather "go back on" itself in its apparent desire to make head with other sections of the State by putting the check-rein on the blooded racers of the Sunny South. We do not desire to either boast, threaten or appear ungracious toward our respected colleague [substitute for "esteemed contemporary"], which has hitherto been so steady and consistent a friend of Los Angeles and Southern California, but we feel and believe it is our duty to say to the Chronicle, with Spartan firmness, that the thing can't be done; the check-rein can't be put on by man, woman, child, centaur, newspaper, or contem poraneous city. The Southern metropolis is a fiery, untamed steed, that can't be lassled by any journalistic vaquero of the Bay City or any other seaport. And don't you let the perpendicular truth escape from the sounding corrido and innermost recesses of your memory, Mr. De Young!

**Human Progress Governed by Law.**

The San Francisco Chronicle has an editorial—a somewhat labored, hypercritical production—under the heading or "Dwellers in Glass Houses." It relates to Los Angeles and her boom, and is intended for a rebuke to us as to several particulars. The Chronicle seems to have absorbed the erroneous impression that Los Angeles is puffed up and proud; that she is unduly elated over her progress; that she vaunts much; that she "seeks to exalt herself at the expense of the rest of California;" or, in short, to cook up her hat on one side of her shapely head, insert her thumbs in the armpits of her capacious "weskit," put on a general bejeweled air, and act in an insolent fashion towards the rest of the Commonwealth. This is a



## A SUMMER IN CUBA.

## HOW TO EXIST IN A COUNTRY WHERE IT IS REALLY HOT.

Ingenious Devices for Bathing—Dogs, Cocks, Pigs and Horses, and the Voice of Them—Dining and Sleeping.

[From a Traveling Correspondent.] The July days make me think of the summer I spent in the torrid zone. My days were passed in Havana, but I was advised by physicians not to sleep in town, so I went each night to Vedado, one of the suburbs of the Cuban capital.

Vedado is the principal watering-place, or rather bathing place, of the Havana; it lies not more than two or three miles from the city on the northern coast, looking straight up across the Atlantic. The drive along the beach is more than pleasant when you once emerge from the dusty and dirty pell-mell that surround the exit from Havana. You pass a cemetery and a hospital for lepers, and, turning from these reminders of the worst ills of life, leave all the hot city behind you. The road is not good, but might easily be made admirable. It winds along sometimes with a few feet of the sea, a line of rocks and shells to the right, another a line of broken shells to the left, on the highest of which stands the Castillo del Principe, the chief of the fortifications of Havana.

At last you reach the baths. Here too is a grotto, and beyond this are the most peculiar facilities for bathing that I remember to have seen. A long, high reef has been cut and hollowed into a dozen separate wells just where the surf tumbles against the shore. These cavities are 12 or 14 feet square and 6 or 8 feet deep; in each there is a hole or window opening toward the sea and as large as the body of a man. Through this hole the water finds entrance, standing perhaps 4 feet above the floor. A wooden roof stretches over all these pits, each of which is fenced off separately above the water and thus converted into an excellent bathhouse, opening toward the sea. There is a wooden deck at the entrance, with sufficient furniture and a flight of steps cut into the rocks by which you descend to the bath, the sea flows in and out incessantly through the aperture; the bottom of the pit is rough and the sides rugged; the crabs are crawling in your huge tub, and the seaweed comes in at your window; but the whole effect is unique and delightful. You can look over the rocky wall to the ocean beyond, and the breeze is constant and unobstructed, for the boarding between the rooms reaches only half way to the roof, which is fifteen feet above the water. In very high seas the tide submerges the baths, and sometimes in a storm the whole wooden structure is swept or blown away.

Some of the pits are large enough for half a dozen bathers and these are all public, but the private baths can be taken by a party of four or five or by a single person. To rise at 5 or 6 and reach the bath almost before the sun, and spend half an hour in the Atlantic in one of these strange tropical crannies, half natural, half artificial, is the most delightful preparation for a Cuban day in July that can be conceived.

After this I sometimes strolled along the beach, which is cool at this early hour, and looked out on the great sweep of the sea that always seemed bluer than anywhere else in the world, and calmer than any ocean surf that I have ever known. The waves were less boisterous, the line of breakers never high unless in absolute storm, while the water itself, though stimulating and exhilarating in sensation, was not the least searing, and left none of that stinging and sometimes disagreeable effect upon the skin that ocean water often produces. Then I found my way back to my hotel, as different a summer resort as possible from those at Newport or Long Branch, or Dieppe or Scarborough, or at any other seaside place on either continent.

The hotel was kept by an American, a crook from Louisiana, and was supposed to be in the American style, but it puzzled one to discover the Americanism. Two long one-storyed buildings, thrown into one, stood at the junction of a couple of streets, or rather unpaved country roads, and faced perhaps forty feet in each direction. A wide, uncovered plaza reached along both fronts, and all the windows came to the door; they were indeed, however, huge double doors usually thrown open for air, with no glazings or shades of any description, only gratings on the inside. The shutters were closed when the sun or the heat was inclement, but at other times the entire domestic arrangements of the house were exposed; bed chambers were as open as *salas*, as the ordinary sitting-rooms are called.

The entrance to the establishment was a brick-paved court, in which a carriage was always standing, and one part of this court was the dining-room. It is high fashion in Cuba to keep your carriage in the *zaguán*, or entrance hall, and those who do not own a carriage or a horse often hire a vehicle, which they never use, and keep it there for furniture or ornament. At little tables in the coach house the guests of the hotel took their meals, a cup of coffee or an orange after the bath, or a platter soft enough to be eaten with a spoon, and of course that those who have not been in the tropics can positively not imagine, for nobody knows what a pineapple is until he has tasted a fresh one in the torrid zone.

This dining-room at the hotel opened into an oblong uncovered area of the house. This space contained a few palms or banana trees and a well, where the horse was a frequent visitor and a high brick wall; on the other a tier of bedrooms, all level with the court, and all with double doors reaching to the roof, for there was no upper story. These doors were only windows, but the bedrooms, of which there were five or six in the row, were all connected by other huge doors, which could be thrown open if the occupants chose. You never find these rooms that you were alone.

At the further end of the court happened to be a large square structure, separate from the remainder of the house; it had once been a kitchen and hardly seemed like a room at all. It was paved with brick and had double doors on two of its sides opening into the court-yard, these doors took up nearly the entire wall. This apartment was the largest and coolest in the house and I secured it. Here I slept, on hot nights, with all the doors open, and feeling as much exposed as I ever did in a bivouac, and far more so than when I lay in camp. You could hear your neighbors talk if there were two of them in a room, and you knew all the noises in the vicinity. There was a cow next door that I distinctly remember after four years' break in my intimacy, and a dog that howled all night long and a dog that interrupted the baying. As for cocks and pigs the horses in the stable, their music was a matter of course; they belonged to the family.

## Important to Purchasers of Lots in the Santa Cruz.

The sale will commence on Monday next, August 22d. The delay in placing these lots on the market has been caused by the building of the levee and the laying of cement walks through the tract, which it was desired to have done before the sale. The levee is to be of the most substantial character and all the improvements first-class. Since the tract has been advertised there has been an unprecedented demand for lots within its lines, owing to its contiguity to both railroad depots and accessibility from the business center. Its fine surroundings are also in favor, and it is predicted that the lots will all be sold in the shortest time on record. Russell Cox & Co., 12 West First street.

## How to Tell a Bargain.

Whenever you can buy lots for less than you can buy any other property in the lots, then you have a bargain. You will see the Hafen tract on Central avenue, and prove this to be a fact. Remember this is an extra fine tract and the owners are sparing no pains to make it as fine as Figueroa street. Still we offer lots for \$750, near the heart of the city. Do not fail to call and see about it. Arthur G. Newton, 118 W. First street.

## A chance for Everybody

In acre property at Florence, with plenty of water. With improvements, with prices \$100 per acre adjoining. Call Saturdays at 1 p.m. and see. Divided into five and ten-acre pieces. Sold for one-fourth cash, one-fourth in six months and balance in a year. This land can be had for \$25 per acre upwards. Three miles from Los Angeles city limits. You can double your money. Yours respectfully, Chas. Victor Hall.

## Ross Atwater &amp; Co.

10 South First street, will give you a bargain at any time, in lots, improved property or acres. Bargains in Pasadena and C. C. Land. Call and see us.

"Westward ho! the star of empire takes its way to Sunset." Sale of lots commences Monday morning, August 15th, at room 16, over Los Angeles National Bank, upstairs. E. E. Hall, Secretary.

## Attention Contractors.

It is required for construction of two miles of street-car line. For particulars apply at once to O. A. Ivers, room 1, Law Building, Temple.

Sunset is in the direct line of march of the city to the sea. Locate a few lots at once. Sale Monday morning. Room 16, over Los Angeles National Bank, upstairs. E. E. Hall, Secretary.

## "West End Terrace."

Fronting on Seventh street, adjoining West Lake Park. The second "Bonnie Brae." Dobinson & Fairchild, sole agents.

## Don't Fall to Lease.

Your property with Ross, Atwater & Co., if you want quick returns. 10 South First Street.

## A Safe Speculation.

See "ad" of the great hotel company. A Poor Man's Chance.

See "ad" of the great hotel company.

"Ocean Spray" has no equal.

Pearline is woman's friend.

## Church Notices.

THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, Corner Third and Hill streets, will preach morning and evening. Morning subject: "Some Mistaken View in Religious Truth." Evening subject: "The Christian Essential." Young People's Society meets at 8 p.m.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH—CORNER of Fort and Sixth streets. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. In the morning Rev. Storck, of New York, will preach. The pastor presents the new school. Sunday school at 9 a.m. Young People's meeting at 7 p.m. Seats free. All are cordially invited.

REV. WILL A. KNIGHTON WILL PREACH at Grace E. Church, on First at 11 a.m. and 8 p.m. Morning subject: "God's Word." Evening subject: "God's Word." Services at 10 a.m. and 6 p.m. Sunday school at 12:30 p.m. All are cordially invited.

EAST LOS ANGELES CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, Rev. J. H. Phillips, pastor. Services in Campbell's Hall, corner of Truman st. and 11th. Sunday school at 10 a.m. Seats free. All are cordially invited to attend.

FIRST G. E. KIRKWOOD BAPTIST CHURCH—CORNER of Fort and Sixth streets. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Morning subject: "God's Word." Evening subject: "God's Word." Services at 10 a.m. and 6 p.m. Sunday school at 12:30 p.m. All are cordially invited.

CHURCH OF THE UNITY, OPERA House, at 11 a.m. Services by Dr. Pay. Subject: "The Word of Life." Evening service at 7:30 p.m. Sunday school at 9 a.m.

RE-ORGANIZED CHURCH OF Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints—Preaching by Elder D. S. Mills at 11 a.m. in K. of P. Hall, 11th and Hill streets. Services at 7 p.m. Sunday school at 12 m. All are invited to attend.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH—CORNER of Fort and Sixth streets. Swedish services, by Rev. P. Anderson, pastor. Preaching Tuesday at 7:30 p.m. All are cordially invited.

MAIN-STREET M. E. CHURCH—Corner S. Main and Laurel st. Rev. L. Spencer, pastor. Preaching at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Young people's meeting Tuesday evening at 7:30 p.m. All welcome.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH—No. 58 Main and 11th streets. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Evening service at 7:30 p.m. Sunday school at 9 a.m.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS (called Orthodox Quakers) have removed from 11th and Hill streets to 11th and Main. Mission on Belgrave ave. Religious services regularly each Sabbath at 11 a.m. Seats free. No collection.

RE-ORGANIZED CHURCH OF Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints—Preaching by Elder D. S. Mills at 11 a.m. in K. of P. Hall, 11th and Hill streets. Services at 7 p.m. Sunday school at 12 m. All are invited to attend.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Corner of Fort and Sixth streets. Swedish services, by Rev. W. F. Harper, of Wichita, Kan., will occupy the pulpit, morning and evening.

RAILROAD CHAPEL—CORNER of Main and Chavez st. Sunday school at 12:30 p.m. Gospel meeting at 7:30 p.m. Every body invited.

CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION—Alameda ave., Boyle st. Rev. W. H. Hawkins, rector. Services at 3 p.m. Sunday school at 2 p.m.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, OLIVE ST.—Rev. Elias Birdsell, rector. Services at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Sunday school at 9 a.m.

Architects.

F. G. BRETHFORD, F. G. COMPTON, F. G. COSTELLO & MERITHEW, ARCHITECTS; Los Angeles, Cal. Rooms 4 and 5, Motel block.

F. E. KIRKWOOD, F. A. WALLS, OSCAR V. MORGAN, K. SOR, MORGAN & WALLS, ARCHITECTS. Rooms 1, 2 and 3, No. 38 W. Spring st.

COUPLAND THOMAS, ARCHITECT. 28 N. Spring street.

JOHN C. PELTON, JR., ARCHITECT, 28 N. Spring st. Room 28.

J. W. POWELL, JR., ARCHITECT, 28 N. Spring st. Room 10, Bunker block, over People's Store.

W. R. NORTON, ARCHITECT, 28 N. Spring st.

CAUKIN & HAAS, ARCHITECTS, 14 N. Spring st.

Searchers of Title.

HENRY N. GALLAWAY, ATT'Y at Law, C. W. CHASE & GALLAWAY & CHASE, EXAMINERS OF TITLE, 28 N. Spring st. Between Spring and Main block.

Miscellaneous.

NOTICE TO LADIES. LADIES' straw, chip, beaver or felt hats made over in any style. Miss Kirkwood, Rooms 9 & 10, between Spring and Main block.

IF YOU ARE TROUBLED WITH corn, bunions or ingrowing nail, call at 8, 28 N. Spring st. Dr. F. E. Phillips, block, No. 38 North Main st., Room 11.

EXCLOSIR STEAM LAUNDRY. Main office, 15 W. Second st. Call for and dividends to be paid to partners. Room 28, 28 N. Spring st.

PURE FRUIT JAMS AND JELLIES made to order by Miss L. HINCKLEY, cor. Twelfth and Flower st., Los Angeles, Cal.

V. J. HOWAN SURVEYOR, FORMERLY of the City Surveyor's Office, 18 N. Spring st. Room 10, block, opposite Compton's.

M. S. BAKER & CO.'S MACHINERY and CARPentry and Machine Shop, Bunker block, 28 N. Spring st.

## Physicians.

D. R. SEYMOUR & CO., DOUGHERTY have furnished their office with a Pneumatic Cabinet, in the rear of the room, compressed air, which is used for the treatment of all diseases, especially for the removal of the effects of the carbonic acid and hydrogenic gases.

Dr. J. ADAMS, ECLECTIC PHYSICAL THERAPY, 140 South Spring st., Los Angeles. Chronic diseases a specialty. Special attention given to the treatment of all forms of rheumatism, neuralgia, &c. The apparatus used is the Pneumatic Cabinet, which is used for the removal of the effects of the carbonic acid and hydrogenic gases.

Dr. J. HOOTE, M. D., OFFICE AND RESIDENCE, 140 South Spring st., Los Angeles. Specialties—Head, throat and chest diseases. Patients suffering from rheumatism, &c., are treated with the Pneumatic Cabinet.

Dr. M. HILTON WILLIAMS, 275 N. Main st., opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's Office. Specialties—Head, throat and chest diseases. Patients suffering from rheumatism, &c., are treated with the Pneumatic Cabinet.

Dr. ROBBINS, M. D., ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Electricity a specialty. Specialties—Head, throat and chest diseases. Patients suffering from rheumatism, &c., are treated with the Pneumatic Cabinet.

Dr. G. WHITWORTH, M. D., THE NEW HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN. Treatment for lung disease. 23 N. Spring st., Los Angeles. Specialties—Head, throat and chest diseases. Patients suffering from rheumatism, &c., are treated with the Pneumatic Cabinet.

Dr. J. H. DAVISSON, OFFICE 324 N. Spring st. Telephone No. 62. Residence 140 South Spring st.

Dr. R. H. FENNEL, OFFICE AND RESIDENCE, 314 N. Main st. Telephone, 684.

Dr. G. L. COLE—304 N. MAIN STREET, opposite post-office; telephone 606.

FREDERICK PUSSORD, PROFFESSOR OF PHYSIOLOGY & PHYSIOMEDICINE, 140 South Spring st.

Dr. BENNETT, OFFICE 36% SOUTH Spring street.

Domesticopathic Physicians.

S. S. BURRILL, M. D., HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN. 140 South Spring st., Los Angeles. Specialties—Head, throat and chest diseases. Patients suffering from rheumatism, &c., are treated with the Pneumatic Cabinet.

A. S. SHORR, M. D., HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN. 140 South Spring st., Los Angeles. Specialties—Head, throat and chest diseases. Patients suffering from rheumatism, &c., are treated with the Pneumatic Cabinet.

J. M. HURBLUT, M. D., SPECIALIST IN DISEASES OF THE SKIN AND NERVES. 140 South Spring st., Los Angeles. Specialties—Head, throat and chest diseases. Patients suffering from rheumatism, &c., are treated with the Pneumatic Cabinet.

E. T. M. HURBLUT, M. D., SPECIALIST IN DISEASES OF THE SKIN AND NERVES. 140 South Spring st., Los Angeles. Specialties—Head, throat and chest diseases. Patients suffering from rheumatism, &c., are treated with the Pneumatic Cabinet.

D. R. SING—175 PLAZA ST., NEAR Pico House; room 202. Lung and Stomach diseases, and diseases peculiar to women; keep quiet. Phone No. 62.

MRS. PARKER, INDEPENDENT. Services in medical and dental practice. Consultations on business, lawsuits, mineral specimens, love, absence, friends, marriage, etc. 28 N. Spring st., room 10.

D. R. SING—175 PLAZA ST., NEAR Pico House; room 202. Lung and Stomach diseases, and diseases peculiar to women; keep quiet. Phone No. 62.

PROF. J. TSCHANK, CLARIVOCANT, fortune-teller; consults on all matters; also gives phrenologist's chart. 32% South Spring st.

MRS. LENZBING, TEST AND BUSINESS MEDIUM. Hours, 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. Removed to 11 N. Bunker Hill ave.

Educational.

J. ALONZO FISHER, A.M., PH.D., from Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, with a special course in German Gymnastics, will be modeled after the German Gymnastics.

KIRKWOOD ACADEMY—





Real Estate—Radeau Park.

# NADEAU PARK,

The New Railroad Center! Junction of the Two Great Railway Systems of the Pacific Coast, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe's Ballona Road and the Southern Pacific Railroad. TWELVE TRAINS DAILY!

The Electric Railroad now building to Florence passes the east boundary of the tract, and the Central Avenue horse-car line, also under construction, will run near the west boundary. Only five miles from the city plaza.

Board of Directors—M. L. Wicks, C. E. French, James Campbell, E. A. Clarke, J. W. Gardner, S. D. Northcutt, C. C. Davis and C. N. Wilson.

We Guarantee two lines of railroad, with at least trains daily; water piped to every lot; graded streets; cement sidewalks; rapid advance in values. Do you want anything else?

Free Ride to Nadeau Park! Free Ride to Nadeau Park! Lots now ready.

Company's Office, 24 South Spring Street, E. A. Clarke, Secretary,

OR M. L. WICKS, CORNER COURT AND MAIN STREETS.

LOTS WILL ALSO BE SOLD BY EACH OF THE DIRECTORS, OR BY THE FOLLOWING REAL ESTATE FIRMS: E. B. CUSHMAN & CO., 14 NORTH SPRING STREET; J. W. GARDNER & CO., 210 SOUTH SPRING STREET; BEN E. WARD, 4 COURT STREET; A. S. ROBBINS, 9 NORTH MAIN STREET; A. L. AUSTIN & CO., 112 SOUTH SPRING STREET; C. A. SUMNER & CO., 54 NORTH MAIN STREET.

Real Estate—Rosecrans.

# d'Artois & Webb's

GRAND ADDITION TO THE TOWN OF

# ROSECRANS!

1500 LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL LOTS, BEING THE NORTH HALF OF SECTION 13, TOWNSHIP 3 south, range 14 west, S. B. M., and sloping gently to the south and west. The view from this tract is unsurpassed in Southern California; or, in the language of a famous London artist, the landscape and marine scenery to be had at Rosecrans is well worth the water.

The cost of improvements contemplated by the company will be \$200,000, and will be as follows: A first-class Motor Road, connecting with the Macarthur Park and Vermont avenue to the Ocean Beach, the rails for which have been ordered from C. P. & L. & Co., Pittsburgh; through Schroeder-Johnston Company of Los Angeles. Messrs. Schroeder-Johnston are also negotiating for extensive machinery capable of supplying water for 20,000 acres of land.

Mr. John C. Pelton, Jr., the famous architect, has the contract for the beautiful HOTEL ROSECRANS, with all modern improvements attached, and will be the architect for the company's new residence.

Every lot in this tract is a beauty, and now is the time for all to buy.

Prices range from \$125 to \$500 per lot, according to location. Terms—One-fifth down; balance in monthly installments, without interest.

These prices will be doubled after September 1st.

ROSECRANS IMPROVEMENT COMPANY,  
FREE CARRIAGES DAILY.

E. R. d'Artois.

W. L. Webb,

ROOMS 8 AND 9, WILSON BLOCK,

NO. 24 WEST FIRST STREET.

Dry Goods.



# THE CONNELL TRACT!

This beautiful tract contains sixty-four lots, and is situated on the line of the Ostrich Farm Dummy Motor Road, adjoining the city limits. Fifteen minutes' ride from the business center.

THESE LOTS ARE SELLING VERY FAST OWING TO THE

# LOW PRICE AND EASY TERMS!

Sold on installment plan. Price of lots \$275. Terms: \$25 down and \$15 per month until paid for. Come early and make a good selection

W. A. JOHNSON & CO.,

Sole Agents, - - 316 North Main Street.

C. WILEY.

J. F. BURNS.

M. G. WILLARD.

Wiley, Burns & Willard,

# REAL-ESTATE DEALERS AND BROKERS,

36 1-2 North Spring Street,

CALIFORNIA.

Pico Place property.  
\$40,000—40x115 on Fort st., between Fifth and Sixth and 20,000—40x115 on Fort st., between Fifth and Sixth and 12,000—NE cor. Court and Charity st., with seven-room house, \$1,000. 60—Lot 13, between Eighth and Ninth, with two cottages, \$8,000. Eleven-room house and lot, 50x125, on Fort st., between Hill and Olive, on Flower st., bet. Ninth and Tenth, 10,000—House and lot, 60x125, Hill st., between Ninth and Tenth st., Cor. Garey and Guadalupe sts., 40x120.

PINE BUSINESS AND RESIDENCE P. O. BOX IN ALL PARTS OF THE CITY.

J. T. SHEWARD,

13 and 15 North Spring.

TOMORROW,

Monday, August 22d,

OPENING OF OUR NEW

Cloak and Suit Department

—AND—

The Largest and Best Assorted Stock Ever Brought to the Coast.

THIS DEPARTMENT IS UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. J. S. Salter, formerly of Chicago, and with his efficient corps of assistants, will be pleased to appreciate any opportunity to exhibit this immense stock and quote prices. "It would be a little time well spent." Any alterations or refitting of a suit or cloak made on short notice and without extra charge.

Two Small Farms!  
24 ACRES. CHOICEST LAND. 33 1/4 ACRES.  
For Sale Very Cheap, on Very Easy Terms.  
BYRAM & POINDEXTER, 27 WEST FIRST STREET.

# THE GRAND ARMY.

## PREPARATIONS FOR ST. LOUIS STILL BOOMING.

Official Programme of the Encampment Week at St. Louis—Business Done by the Local Committee Yesterday.

The meeting of the General Exhibit Committee of the G.A.R. took place yesterday at the Masonic Hall, on Spring street. The meeting was called to order at 11 a.m. with Gen. E. Bouton in the chair and G. W. Arbuckle acting secretary. The minutes of the previous session were read and confirmed.

The Lot Committee reported that the amount realized from the sale of the lots donated for the purpose was about \$8000, with some prospect of the amount being increased to \$10,000.

A. H. Denker, chairman of the Finance Committee, reported that, in addition to the amount already in the hands of that committee, it would be necessary to collect at least \$10,000 more.

Mr. Denker next reported that they had closed a contract with Sprague & Rodden, to print 25,000 copies of the ninety-six-page official programme to be distributed at St. Louis, entitled "The Grand Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, for the week of August 21 to 28, 1887." The programme will be

arrangements will also be perfected for visiting many local places of interest. Forst Park, Fair Grounds, at which place it is hoped that the entire army will be gathered to have a sham battle, to be fought by old veteran soldiers, recalling to their memories the stirring events of an actual campaign, and affording our visitors and citizens an opportunity of witnessing something which will probably never again be seen, a mimic battle fought by men who will be rehearsing actual events in which they have all participated in all its stern and bloody realities, showing the attack and defense, the repulse, the charge and the victory. Also visiting Tower Grove Park, Shaw's Botanical Garden and Lafayette Park.

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## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

## SOME VIEWS OF A FAR-OFF ISLAND WORLD.

A Northern Museum-Otter, Bear and Fox Skins-The Little Baskets-Sea-Lion Bags-Baskets of Grass-A Little Village by the Sea.

It was in September of 1880 that I reached Unalaska, a large island of the Aleutian chain. It was early morning when we sighted land—great, black, frowning mountain walls, wrapped in heavy gray mists. Above the mists rose the tops of the mountains, looking like another world above the fog. Among them was a lofty volcanic peak from which the smoke was rising, and which left a long black line upon the clouds.

As we entered the Behring Sea through the narrow channel of Unalaska Pass, the fog lifted, and we saw vast hills, whose sides sloped clear to the water's edge, still covered with green grasses and the native wild flowers. Every now and then a rocky point jutted out from the land. Some of these looked like huge sea serpents. Others resembled slender obelisks, and some were like the spires of cathedrals, and still others were like the parts of huge gates which might have been swung backward against the mountain's sides. The high crests of the mountains were covered with their eternal snows, and down the sides or lofty peaks poured rushing torrents, falling in white cascades, leaping from height to height, then down through narrow channels into the sea.

The seagulls floated along with steady wing above the ship, and the aries floated along the shores, while in the blue waters of the sea were hundreds of seals. The day before we had seen many great whales spouting in the distance, and once of twice they came close to us. We well remember how beautiful the island looked after the fog lifted and the sun came out. While it was struggling through the mist, there were at first hundreds of rainbows upon the hill tops. Then the fog was scattered and the sky was wonderfully blue. We could see great jelly fish floating in the sea, and huge star fishes many times larger than can be found anywhere upon the coast of California. The sea depths were very clear as we approached the land, and we could see many wonders below the water.

There was hardly a wave astir as we neared the little village of Unalaska, built almost immediately upon the white sand beach, with a high wall of green hills behind it. At first sight it looked lower than the sea, but as we approached it seemed to rise from the waves, and lift itself up above the water. The Greek church with its long, slender spires was the first object to meet our view. Then there was a long line of white and yellow houses. The Greek priest had a pretty home beside the church. It was a very modern-looking house, and beside it was a small vegetable garden, the only one upon the whole island. Not much could be grown in it, though, only a few cabbages and turnips, which were wonderfully dwarfed, as if they felt that they had no business to strive so far to the north. But still they had done their best in the few days that they had, and we got a great many new marvels.

When a crowd of dirty natives were at the landing when the ship came to anchor, and how they chattered away in their unutterable Aleut dialect. Not a word of all that they said could I understand. They were dressed in American costume, which they received from San Francisco, the Alaska Commercial Company's ships bringing up the goods from the city.

Down near the shore were the great warehouses of the company, in one of which was a real American dry goods store. In another were the provisions upon which the people depend for their supplies. There were canned fruits and meats of all kinds, flour, vinegar, molasses, beans, coffee, tea, sugar, salt and all the other necessities for the table. The company's people were well and happy, and got a good time, the head-quarters as soon could find in most of the homes in California. I was very much interested in the contents of these warehouses, or at least in one room of it. It was a sort of a museum and held many curious things. There were wonderfully woven baskets, which the natives had woven out of the fine, long island grasses. They were of various colors, and so closely were they plaited that they would hold water. They were of different shapes and sizes, and some had neatly-fitting covers. Then there were the pretty bags, made of the intestines of the sea lion, which had been dressed and dried until they were of a transparent texture. They were neatly sewed together, while between the seams were set delicate and slender bird-feathers, which made a pretty ornament. Then there were native biders, or native bows, made like those used by the Aleuts, of sea-lion skins, drawn over the light framework of the boat.

I saw some Aleuts out in those biders upon the sea, floating as lightly as the sea-gulls upon the water. There were also in this museum skins of the white polar bear, and the great brown bear of Alaska, together with the beautiful skins of the otter found about these islands, and the handsome and choice skins of the blue fox, found in great numbers upon the island of St. Paul, 250 miles further to the north. Here, too, were huge tusks of the walrus which had been taken from the animals on Walrus Island, and a multitude of sea birds, some with bright plumage which we greatly admired. There were the eggs, too, of various birds which inhabit the seas, and many other things too numerous to mention. I spent much time in looking over these things, and sometimes perhaps I may tell you more of all that I saw in that far-off island in the northern seas.

E. A. O.

## GENERAL GRANT'S DAUGHTER.

## How She Is Loved and What Her Surroundings Are.

The deep affection called forth by Gen. Grant's great qualities in the hearts of his countrymen has naturally caused his children to become objects of sincere interest to the American nation. The famous ex-President's only and idolized daughter has, above all, been regarded with kindly sympathy. "I have lately read some interesting particulars respecting Mrs. Sartoris," writes Lucy Hooper to the Philadelphia Telegraph, "and I deem it no infringement of her domestic privacy, in view of the unfortunate publicity of her marriage affairs, to speak of the faint of her own, most assuredly, have already attained, to give them to the world. That her marriage has been a most ill-starred one as regards the character and the habits of her English husband no one can for

one instant deny. But what is, I think, less known, and what deserves to be widely known, is the courage and strength of character that Mrs. Sartoris has displayed under most trying circumstances. Her marriage was one of passionate affection on her side, at least. Her attachment to her foreign warden was proof against all the advice and the warnings of her family and her friends. She has accepted the consequences of her act with a courageous dignity that is beyond all praise. Were she to leave her husband and to insist upon a legal separation, as it was at one time widely reported that she was about to do, he could, by the laws of England, take from her her children, and Mrs. Sartoris is too tender a mother to contemplate for a moment such a contingency. She is much beloved by her father-in-law, who is very fond and proud of his wife, a fine boy, who has just been sent to a public school. She has a house in London this year for the season, entertains her American friends and assumes the position as head of her own household, which Mr. Sartoris ought to take and which she takes in his stead. Her beauty has matured and ripened into a added brilliancy; but, handsome, admired, and almost wofully wedded as she is, no charge, even of coquetry or flirtatiousness, has been brought against her. Such is the true position of a much-talked-about state of affairs.

## "OLD ZACK" CHANDLER.

## His Last Speech—A Powerful Utterance.

In the session of 1883 when a bill was pending for the benefit of the soldiers of the Mexican war an amendment was offered to except Jefferson Davis so that he should draw no pension from the Government which he had tried so hard to destroy. Several Southern Senators spoke against the amendment, expressing the heartiest admiration for Davis, eulogizing his talents and patriotism in highest terms. Senator Garland referred to old Jeff's services in the Mexican war said that they will equal in history all Grecian fame and all Roman glory. All deprecated the coupling of his "honored name with treason" and declared that in taking the part he did he was animated by motives as sacred and noble as ever inspired the heart of a Hellen or a Roman. The debate ran on till 3 o'clock in the morning. The replies from Northern Senators being somewhat tame, till at last old Zack Chandler stood up and gave expression to the feelings, which filled and thrilled him as follows:

"Mr. President: Twenty-two years ago tomorrow, in the old hall of the Senate, now occupied by the Supreme Court of the United States, I, in company with Mr. Jefferson Davis, stood up and swore before the Almighty God that I would support the Constitution of the United States. Mr. Jefferson Davis came from the Cabinet of Franklin Pierce into the Senate of the United States and took the oath with me to be faithful to this Government. During four years I have served my body with Mr. Jefferson Davis, and saved his preparations going on from day to day for the overthrow of this Government. With treason in his heart and perjury upon his lips he took the oath to sustain the Government that he meant to overthrow.

"Sir, there was method in that madness. He, in co-operation with other men from his section and in the Cabinet of Mr. Buchanan, made careful preparation for the event that was to follow.

"Your armies were scattered all over this broad land, where they could not be used in an emergency;

"Your fleets were scattered wherever the winds blew and water was found to float them, where they could not be used to put down rebellion.

"Your treasury was depleted until your bonds bearing 6 per cent., principal and interest, payable in coin, were sold for 88 cents on the \$1 for current expenses and no buyers. Preparations were carefully made.

"Your arms were sold under an apparently innocent clause in an army bill, providing that the Secretary of War might, at his discretion, sell such arms as he deemed fit for the interest of the Government to sell.

"Sir, eighteen years ago last month I sat in the House and listened to Jefferson Davis delivering his farewell address, informing us what our constitutional duties to this Government were, and then he left and entered into the rebellion to overthrow the Government he had sworn to support,

"I saw him in the Senate, during the whole of that terrible rebellion;

"I saw our brave soldiers by thousands and hundreds of thousands—I might say millions—pass through to the theater of war; and

"I saw their shattered ranks return.

"I saw steamboat after steamboat, and railroad train after railroad train arrive with the maimed and the wounded.

"I was with my friend from Rhode Island (Mr. Burnside) when he commanded the Army of the Potomac, and saw piles of legs and arms that made humanity shudder.

"I saw the widow and the orphan in their home, and heard the weeping and wailing of those who had lost their dearest and their best.

"Mr. President: A little thought, at that time, should live to hear in the Senate of the United States eulogies upon Jefferson Davis living—a living rebel eulogized on the floor of the Senate of the United States!

"Sir, I am amazed to hear it; and I can tell the gentlemen on the other side that they little know the spirit of the North when they come here at this day and with bravado on their lips utter eulogies upon a man whom every man, woman and child in the North believes to have been a double-dealing traitor to his Government."

That was Zachariah Chandler's last speech in the Senate. It was not long, but every word cut like a knife, or pierced like a minnie ball. As it was his last, so it was probably his greatest, as measured by the effect it produced upon the listeners not only upon the Senate door, but in the crowded galleries.

Saved the Watch—and Got It.

The anecdote is related of Herr Krupp that as he was once showing the Emperor William through his works, the latter displayed great interest in the steam hammer, and was told that the workman in charge of it, named Ackermann, was so skillful that a hand might be placed on the anvil without fear, and he would stop the hammer within a hair's breadth of it. "Let us try it," said the Emperor, "but not with a human hand—try my watch," and he laid it, a splendid specimen of work, richly set with brilliants, on the anvil. Down came the immense mass of steel, and Ackermann, with his hand on the lever, stopped it just the sixth of an inch from the watch. When he wanted to bind it back, the Emperor replied: "Mr. Ackermann, keep the watch in memory of an interesting moment." The workman, embarrassed, stood with outstretched hand, not knowing what to do. Krupp came forward and took the watch, saying: "I'll keep it for you if you are afraid to take it from His Majesty." A few minutes later they again passed the spot, and Krupp

said: "Now you can take the Emperor's present from my hand," and handed Ackermann the watch wrapped up in a thousand-mark note.

## Calling the Angels In.

We mean to do it. Some day, some day,

We mean to slay this fevered rush

And great to do them violence;

That is only enough to let them hear

The footsteps of angels drawing near.

We mean to do it. Oh, never doubt,

When the burden of the daytime broil is

over,

We'll sing and muse while the stars come out,

As the patriarchs sat at the door

With their tents with a heavenward-gazing eye,

To watch for the angels passing by.

We mean to do it. We'll never doubt,

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## THE DEATH OF BALZAC.

## A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION FROM HUGO'S "CHOSSES AVES."

"Gentlemen, Europe is on the Point of Losing a Great Soul!"—The Barla in Père-la-Chaise—"He Was a Genius!"—He Died in the Night.

On the 18th of August, 1850, my wife, who had been during the day to see Mme. de Balzac, told me that Balzac was dying. I hurried to him.

M. de Balzac had been suffering for eighteen months from hypertrophy of the heart. After the revolution of February he went to Russia, where he married. Some days before his death I met him in the bazaar. He was then complaining and breathing noisily. In May, 1850, he returned to France, married rich, and dying. When he arrived his legs were already swollen. Four doctors held a consultation. One of them, M. Logis, told me on the 6th of July: "He has not six weeks to live." It is the same disease that killed Frederick Soulie.

On August 18th my uncle, Gen. Louis Hugo, was dining with me. As soon as the table was cleared I left and took a cab to the Avenue Fortune (No. 14), in the Quartier Beaujon, where M. de Balzac lived. He had purchased what remained of the mansion of M. de Beaujon, some portion having escaped demolition. He had furnished it magnificently and made it a very pretty little house, having a carriage entrance on the Avenue Fortune, and a garden a long and narrow court, in which the pavement was here and there cut into flower beds.

I rang. The moon was up, but obscured by clouds. The street was deserted. No one came. I rang again. The door opened. A servant appeared with a candle. "What do you want, sir?" she asked. She was crying.

I told her my name. She ushered me into a room on the ground floor, in which, on a *consolé* opposite the chimney-piece, was a colossal bust of Balzac by David. A wax candle was burning upon a splendid table in the center salon, and which had for feet six statuettes, gilt with the purest gold.

Another woman who was also crying, came and said: "He is dying. Madame has gone to her own room. The doctors have not been here since yesterday. He has a wound in the leg. Gangrene has set in. The doctors do not know what to do; they say that the dropsy is a connoisseur dropsy—an infiltration. That is what they call it; that the skin and the flesh are like lard, and that it is impossible to tap him. Last month, when going to bed, master ran against a decorated piece of furniture and tore the skin of his leg and all the water in the body ran out. The doctors were much astonished, and since then they have made punctureations. They said: 'We can't save him. But when a drop of his limb has survived, M. Roux operated. Yesterday they removed the dressing; the wound, instead of having suppitated, was red, dry and burning. Then they said: 'He is lost!' and they have never returned. Four or five have been sent for vain. Every one said: 'It is no use.' He had a bad night. This morning at 9 Monsieur could not speak. Madame sent for a priest; he came, and has given Monsieur extreme unction. One hour after he shook the hand of his sister, Mme. de Survillie. Since 11 o'clock the rattle has been in his throat, and he can see no longer. He will not live through the night. If you wish, sir, I will go and look for M. de Survillie, who has not yet retired."

The woman left me. I waited for some minutes. The candle scarcely lit the room, its splendid flame and fine picture by Porthus and Holbein. The marble bust shows back vaguely in the gloom like the specter of the man who was dying. A corpse-like smell pervaded the house.

M. de Survillie entered and confirmed all that the servant had said. I requested to see M. de Balzac.

We proceeded along the corridor, ascended a staircase, covered with red carpet and laden with objects of art—vases, statues, pictures, credence-tables—and then another corridor, and I perceived an open door. I heard a loud and sinister rattling noise. I was in the death chamber of Balzac.

A bed stood in the middle of the room a mahogany bedstead having a suspensory arrangement at the head and foot for the convenience of reclining the invalid. M. de Balzac lay in this bed, his head supported on a pile of pillows to which had been added the red damask cushions from the sofa. His face was purple, almost black, and drawn to the right side; his beard trimmed, his gray hair cut short, his eyes fixed and open. I saw him in profile, and thus he resembled the Emperor.

An old woman, the nurse and a manservant at each side of the bed; a candle was burning behind the head of the bed upon a table, another upon the drawers near the door. A silver vase was placed on the night table. This man and this woman stood silent in fear, and listened to the dying rattle of the bed.

The candle behind the bed lighted up brightly the portrait of a young man, ruddy and smiling, hanging near the fireplace. An unsupportable smell issued from the bed. I lifted the counterpane and took the hand of Balzac. It was clammy. I pressed it. He did not respond to the pressure.

This was the same room in which I had come to see him a month previously. He was then cheerful, full of hope. He had no doubt of his recovery, when he had recovered, like him laughing. We had a long conversation and a political dispute. He called me a demagogue. He was a legitimist. He said to me: "How have you so quietly renounced the title of peer of France, the best after that of King of France?" He also said: "I have the house of M. de Beaujon without the garden, but with the seat in the little church at the corner of the street. A door in my staircase opens into this church; one turn of the key and I can hear mass. I think more of the seat than of the garden." When I was about to leave him he conducted me to the staircase with great difficulty and showed me the door, and then he called out to his wife: "Mind you show Hugo all my pictures."

The nurse said to me: "He will die at daybreak."

I came down stairs again, bearing in mind the livid face. Crossing the dining-room, I found the bust immovable, impassable, haughty, vaguely radiant; and I compared death with immortality.

When I reached home it was Sunday. I found many people awaiting me, among others, Riza Bey, the Turkish charge d'affaires; Navarrete, the Spanish poet; and the Count Arrivabene, the exiled Italian. I said to them: "Gentlemen, Europe is on the point of losing a great soul."

He died in the night. He was 51 years old.

They buried him on Wednesday. He lay first in the Beaujon chapel, and he was carried thither by the door the key of which was more precious to

him than all the beautiful gardens of the former "Premier General."

Girard took his portrait on the very day of his death, and he had to paint his mask, but could not; decomposition was too rapid. The day after his death, in the morning, the modelers who came found his face deformed and the nose fallen upon the cheek. They put him in an oak and lead coffin.

The service was performed at St. Philippe du Roule. As I stood by the coffin I remembered that there my second daughter had been baptized, and I had not been in the church since. In our memories death touches birth.

The Minister of the Interior, Barroche, came to the funeral he was seated by me in the church, near the bier, and I said to him: "He was a distinguished man."

The procession traversed Paris and went by way of boulevards to Père-la-Chaise. A few drops of rain fell when we were leaving the church and when we reached the cemetery. It was one of those days on which it seems the heavens must shed tears.

They walked all the way. I proceeded in front of the coffin, holding one of the silver tassels of the pall; Alexander Dumas was on the other side.

When we came to the grave, which was some distance up the hill, we found an immense crowd. The road was rough and narrow; the horses had some difficulty in pulling the hearse, which rolled back again. I found myself imprisoned between a wheel and a tomb, and was very nearly crushed. The spectators who were standing on the tomb helped me up.

The coffin was lowered into the grave, which is close to those of Charles Nodier and of Casimir Delavigne. The priest said the last prayer, and I spoke a few words. As I was speaking the sun set. All Paris appeared in the distance enveloped in the splendid haze of the setting orb. The earth began to fall into the grave almost at my feet, and I was interrupted by the dull sound of the earth dropping on the coffin.

KNEW HIS OWN HOME.  
How a Horse in Southington Proved His Identity.  
[Poughkeepsie Eagle.]

About a year ago a young chap named Fred Patterson, of East Fishkill, was arrested for stealing a horse. Mrs. Neal, in Connecticut, by a man who said he was a detective from Massachusetts, and he gave his name as McNamara. He told wonderful stories of how he had tracked Patterson, etc., and Patterson was taken into Massachusetts as a prisoner. Mr. Charles Horton, of East Fishkill, believed Patterson to be innocent, and coming to Poughkeepsie gave his reasons for believing. Deputy Sheriff Dowey looked the man over carefully, and also came to the conclusion that Patterson was innocent. Then with others he went to work to defend the prisoner, and the result was he was declared innocent and discharged. Now comes the sequel. The real thief has been captured and has confessed, and Mrs. Neal's horse was found a few days ago in the town of Webster, Mass. His tail had been cut off and banded, his mane had also been cut off, and he was emaciated and utterly broken down. The parties having the animal in their possession would not give him up, notwithstanding other parties who knew the animal before it was stolen fully identified him, and a replevin suit followed and the horse was given up, parties giving the necessary bonds.

Then came a novel test as to the further identification of the horse. The man, from Webster, Mass., brought the horse to a town in Connecticut where Mrs. Neal lives, and the animal was placed in a lively stable and fed. Afterward he was taken out and hitched to a carriage, and the agreement was that no one was to touch the reins, but the horse was to be allowed to go wherever he pleased, to see if he would go to the place from which he was stolen a year ago last April. A certain stall in Mrs. Neal's barn where he was kept when stolen (No. 5) was also selected, and if he went to the stall and into the stall referred to, that was the final proof that he was Mrs. Neal's horse.

A large crowd of people collected to watch the test, as the news of it had been widely disseminated. After the harness had been placed on the animal, he was properly hitched to the carriage, and the reins hanging free, the carriage, with one in the vehicle, the poor, emaciated, homesick and abused animal went straight to the barn, the doors of which had been left open, and entered stall No. 5 with a neigh and a snort, and inside of him he probably sang "Home, Sweet Home." This settled the whole question of identification, and the Massachusetts boy went back home to his father with the story. Now the people in the Connecticut town want McNamara, the detective.

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\$6000—3-room house, Pine street.

\$10,000—9-room house completely furnished; lot 100x150, corner of Main and Olive.

\$7000—Lot corner Olive and Eleventh.

\$10,000—Nice 4-room house, Hill street; complete.

\$4000—4-room house, near Main.

\$4000—4-room house, lot 50x150; basement and hall, and bath, Myrtle avenue.

\$2000—3-room house, closets, etc., lot 50x150.

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## DOWN IN BUENOS AIRES

## STORIES ABOUT HORSEMEN OF THE GREAT PLAINS.

The Gaucho, Their Origin, Their Particulars, Their Customs and Their Disappearance Before Advancing Civilization.

The Gaucho (gaucho), of South America, is the most interesting character on the continent, and if the writers of tales of adventure could get at him he would afford them as much material as the crusaders of the middle ages. The New American says a Buenos Ayres correspondent of the New York Sun: "The Spanish colonies have produced no Fenimore Cooper or Mayne Reid, and such a writer as Ned Buntline is unknown to South American literature. Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack would die of mortification if their horsemanship and endurance were placed in comparison with that of the genuine Gaucho of the pampas, and even the centaur of mythology would blush with envy."

The Gauchos are the descendants of the aristocratic Spanish dons and Indian women, for the grandees and hidalgos who once ruled over these provinces did not hesitate to seek the society of the Pocahontas of the Guarani race. They are at once the most independent and the most active of human beings; for when they are not in the saddle, devoting space on the back of a tireless bronco, they are sleeping in apathetic indolence among their mistresses or gambling with their chums. Half savage and half courtier, the Gaucho is as polite as he is cruel, and will make a bow like a dancing master or thrum an air on the native mandoline with the same ease and nonchalance as he will murder a fellow being or slaughter a steer. He recognizes no uniform, his own will and the law written code of the cattle range, and all violations of this code are punished by banishment or death. Whoever offends him must fight or fly, and his vengeance is as enduring as it is vigilant. The statute of limitations is not recognized by him, and he will kill on sight an enemy he has not seen for a quarter of a century. He never shoots or strikes with his fist, and his only weapons are the short knife, which is never absent from his belt or his belt, and is used at short range, and the lasso, which is not only an implement of his trade, but an instrument offensive and defensive.

A fight between Gauchos always means murder, and it is the duty of him who kills to see that his victim is decently buried and the widow and orphans cared for. The widow, if she pleases him, becomes his wife or his mistress, and the orphans grow up to be Gauchos under his tutelage. He is as superstitious as a Hindu and an inveterate gambler. When he is not asleep or in the saddle he is always engaged at quiet games of chance that are his own invention, and are known to no other race in the world. He is as peaceful when sober as a reckless devilish regard of God and man, and when he is drunk he is a fiend incarnate, for a howling savage is like a prattling child when compared to a drunken Gaucho. As brave as a lion, as active as a panther, with an endurance equal to any test, faithful to his friends, as implacable as fate to any one who offends him, he has exercised a powerful influence upon the destiny of the Argentine Republic, and kept that nation back to civilization until overcome by an increased immigration of foreigners.

The Gaucho has never taken any part in politics except as a soldier, and as such, under a leader that he will obey, he is without an equal in either civil or savage fighting.

The Argentines once had a Gaucho president, Don Manuel Rosas, who ruled the country with a despotism of iron and blood for twenty-four years. From 1850 to 1852, and again now, is seldom referred to without a shudder, for the marks of his cruel hand are still visible, and the ancient aristocracy still feel the sting of blows he inflicted upon them. He was the son of a wealthy Gaucho of the same name, who exercised a patriarchal sway over the peons that looked after his flocks and herds, and as the young Rosas grew up the old man gradually yielded to the stronger will of the son, until the latter became a sort of Gaucho leader, and commanded a regiment of them in the war of 1829 against the Indians. So powerful did he become that it was an easy step from the chieftainship of the Gauchos to the presidency of the republic, a self-appointed dictator, the head of an absolute despotism which existed for nearly a quarter of a century, in defiance of the constitution and the laws.

Rosas was a compound of the arrogance and stubborn superstition of the Spanish race and the cruelty and craft of the Guarani Indians, whose blood he inherited through his mother. He maintained his power by the loyalty of the Gauchos, of whom the people of the towns lived in terror. With an inflexible will, with the cunning of a fox, and the courage of a lion, with egotistical vanity and arrogance, and a perpetual distrust of every living being except his daughter, Mannileta, the only person to whose influence he ever submitted, or for whom he has ever showed any affection, he ruled like a savage chieftain over the entire southern half of the continent, from Paraguay to the Straits of Magellan, relying solely upon the terror which his own cruelty and that of his Gaucho lieutenants had inspired among the people. Blood flowed by his command as freely as water, and the extermination of those who opposed him was the policy under which he perpetuated his power. No citizen of Argentine or Uruguay felt himself safe. No man went to bed at night with any confidence that he would be alive in the morning, for neither friendship, relationship, nor even obscurity was a shield from assassination, and he only ceased to murder when the inordinate fear he had inspired paralyzed the people and rendered them absolutely prostrate to his will. He spared neither age nor sex. Even his oldest friend, a man who had been more than a father to him, and was supposed to be his confidential adviser, was murdered in cold blood by the masquerous, the secret assassins or Danites on whom he relied to execute his atrocious designs.

The official history of Buenos Ayres gives the following estimate of the numbers who died through the course of vengeance of the tyrant Rosas: Poisoned, 4; executed by the sword, 3765; shot, 1393; assassinated, 722; total, 5884. Add to this the number slain in the constant struggle to overthrow his despotism, 16,520, and we have an aggregate of 22,404 victims to the ambition of the Gaucho chief.

An idea of the arrogance and conceit of the man can be learned from the fact that the money coined during his administration was stamped with his portrait and the inscription "Eternal Rosas." But he was not eternal, and was overthrown in 1852 by Gen. Urquiza, escaping from the country with

his daughter at night, both in the disguise of English sailors, and finding refuge on board the Centaur, an English man-of-war.

But the day of the Gaucho is passing. Immigration and civilization have driven him to the extreme frontier, where nowadays he can only be found in his full glory. Like the North American Indian, he decays when domesticated, and a tame Gaucho is always a drunkard, a loafer and a thief. Civilization saps his vitality, quenches his spirit and lowers his standard of morals. In his native element he will not steal or do a mean act, but when he becomes the representative of a town he will do a dozen, and there is no end to his malice. Few of the race have ever acquired land, and even at the present day he despises the "Estanciero," who will not depend upon the public domain for pasture. So he has to keep moving, faster and faster, to get out of the way of barbed-wire fences and the restraints of civilization. A few years hence he will disappear, or assume more of the character of the North American cowboy. Even now, in the more settled portions of the country, the word Gaucho has become a word of reproach, and is applied to worthless characters who live by cattle-stealing, and corresponds to the rustler of the United States.

The language of the genuine Gaucho is a mixture of Spanish and the Guarani Indian tongues, and his food is beef and "yerba mate." At every "trood" or "round up" there is a great feast, at which many good things are set forth, but the ordinary diet of the rascos is the ribs of beef, roasted on a spit before the fire, and eaten without salt or bread, while the ordinary drink is the Paraguayan tea, sucking the latter through a tube. Heretics like the Indian, gorge himself when he has plenty of food, or goes for days at a time without eating, but he always has his mate cup with him, and the yerba contains a great amount of nutriment. He usually has a habitation in a hut at the headquarters of the estancia, upon which he is employed, and there he keeps his family and goes on feast days, for he is a Catholic to keep a close reckoning of the ecclesiastical calendar as the archbishop himself. He has no regard for the Sabbath, but recognizes every religious anniversary of the church by holding his cattle on the range and going to headquarters, where he spends the day in drinking, gambling, confessing his sins to the padre, cockfighting, and testing his manhood with his companions. These fast days never end without murder, and often more than one.

When dressed in his full regalia, the Gaucho's appearance is picturesque, with his swarthy face, long hair and long mustache, he would create a sensation in any guise, for his physique is perfect and his swagger as bold as that of a buccaneer or a bandit chief.

The Gaucho women are said to be beautiful when young, but when 25 or 30 they are dirty, lousy, unkempt tatters, with bleared eyes and tangled hair, wearing nothing but soiled and faded garments, and, perhaps, a pair of silver bracelets. When she is a maiden the Gaucho will kill each other out of jealousy, but when he becomes a wife, or a mistress, she is kicked about the camp, beaten and abandoned at her master's will.

All the finery in the family goes on the husband's back and saddle. In place of trousers he wears a chirapa and calzoncillas. The former is a square piece of cloth, drawn about the thighs and fastened around the waist with a belt. It descends as far as the knees, from which the rest of the leg is covered with the calzoncillas, a wide pair of cotton drawers, handsomely and gaudily embroidered, and ornamented with two or three wide frills. The feet are encased in a pair of botas de potro, made of the skin of a leg of a goat, rubberized inside, is as soft as buckskin. The heels are decorated with a pair of immense iron or silver spurs, weighing a pound or so each.

Instead of the sombrero and velvet jacket of the Mexican cavalier, the Gaucho wears a hat of "pita" fiber, such as are commonly known as Panama hats, and which may have cost him as much as a dozen cattle or horses, and a poncho. But in his saddle lies his wealth, for all his savings and gambling gains go to decorate that emblem of his trade. Silvers ornaments for bridle and saddle are legal tender in exchange for anything saleable wherever the Gaucho goes, and what is his seat by day and his pillow by night, he always uses as a sort of savings bank. I have seen saddles worth \$1000, with solid silver stirrups, pommels and ornaments, weighing as much as a pair of silver stars. A pair of silver stars are worth anywhere from \$50 to \$100, according to their size and the workmanship upon them. And silver stirrups are often sold as high as \$200 a pair. Stirrups of solid silver, made in the form of a heelless slipper, are very common, and the bells of the cities of Argentine consider them essential to a riding costume. The same are often made of brass, and, highly polished, add a unique feature to the accoutrements of an Argentine caballero. His belt is usually covered with a string of silver dollars, and all his buttons are the same.

The Argentine poncho is a great institution, and if some fashionable dude in New York would set the style by wearing one, it would add greatly to the comfort of our people as well as to their convenience. There never was a garment better adapted for out-of-door use, and particularly for plainsmen or those who are in the sun all day. It is a blanket of ordinary size, with a slit in the center, through which the head goes, and the folds of the poncho hang down as far as the knees, giving free use to the arms, but always furnishing them and the rest of the body shelter. In summer it shields the wearer from the heat of the sun, while in winter it is as warm as an ulcer, and on rainy days takes the place of an umbrella. The native is never without it, summer or winter, afoot or horseback, at home or abroad. It stays by his shadow, and gives him an overcoat by day and a blanket by night.

Ponchos were formerly made of the hair of the vicuna, an animal which is a sort of cross between the camel and the antelope, and is found in the Bolivian Andes. Before the conquest vicuna skin was the royal garment of the Incas, and none but persons of princely blood were allowed to wear it. A vicuna poncho is as soft as velvet and as warm as silk. You can find plenty of them in Argentine and Chile, which have been in the old families for two centuries or more, like grandfather's clock, and have been handed down with the family jewels as heirlooms. They never wear out, and, like lace, improve with age. But genuine vicuna ponchos are hard to get, and very expensive, costing often as much as a camel's hair shawl, as the animal is becoming scarce. The color is a delicate fawn, and will not change when wet, which is a sure test of its genuineness.

Most of the fine ponches worn now are made of lamb's wool in Manchester, England, and cannot be distinguished from vicuna, except by experts, but tons after tons of a common

sort, made of cotton and wool, of gaudy colors, are now imported annually, and answer the purpose of the Gaucho just as well, while the bright tints please his taste better.

The Gaucho always carries tobacco, cigarette paper, flint and steel. He is an inveterate smoker, but confines himself to cigarettes, which he rolls himself at full gallop. He does everything on horseback, when he chooses—eats and sleeps, catches fish, carries water from the well with a pitcher or urn on his head; and even attends mass on horseback—at least, the reverend he gets to the altar is to ride up to the door of the church and sit in the saddle, while the ordinance is being celebrated.

A Gaucho child is put into the saddle as soon as an American child is dispised as the "Estanciero," who will not depend upon the public domain for pasture. So he has to keep moving, faster and faster, to get out of the way of barbed-wire fences and the restraints of civilization. A few years hence he will disappear, or assume more of the character of the North American cowboy. Even now, in the more settled portions of the country, the word Gaucho has become a word of reproach, and is applied to worthless characters who live by cattle-stealing, and corresponds to the rustler of the United States.

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The Gauchos are the descendants of the aristocratic Spanish dons and Indian women, for the grandees and hidalgos who once ruled over these provinces did not hesitate to seek the society of the Pocahontas of the Guarani race. They are at once the most independent and the most active of human beings; for when they are not in the saddle, devoting space on the back of a tireless bronco, they are sleeping in apathetic indolence among their mistresses or gambling with their chums. Half savage and half courtier, the Gaucho is as polite as he is cruel, and will make a bow like a dancing master or thrum an air on the native mandoline with the same ease and nonchalance as he will murder a fellow being or slaughter a steer. He recognizes no uniform, his own will and the law written code of the cattle range, and all violations of this code are punished by banishment or death. Whoever offends him must fight or fly, and his vengeance is as enduring as it is vigilant. The statute of limitations is not recognized by him, and he will kill on sight an enemy he has not seen for a quarter of a century. He never shoots or strikes with his fist, and his only weapons are the short knife, which is never absent from his belt or his belt, and is used at short range, and the lasso, which is not only an implement of his trade, but an instrument offensive and defensive.

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## ORANGES AND LEMONS.

## INQUIRIES BY ITALY INTO OUR PRODUCTION.

Italian Merchants Fear That the California Product Will Affect Their Trade—Varieties of Lemons Compared.

[San Francisco Chronicle, Aug. 18th.] The telegraph stated a few days ago that the Italian Ministry of Commerce had been asked to inquire into the extent of the orange and lemon production of the United States, especially regarding its effect upon Italian commerce in those fruits. Further information regarding this matter was obtained yesterday from Charles Dondero, secretary of the local Italian Chamber of Commerce.

Mr. Dondero was found busily employed wrapping up the monthly bulletins published by the chamber, which are sent all over the United States, wherever there are Italian merchants. About 400 papers are also sent regularly to Italy to merchants there. The papers are printed in Italian, and contain a mass of information regarding California and its productions, and information of intending settlers where to locate.

"Did the chamber give the Italian Government information about our citrus fruits?" the reporter asked.

"Yes," replied Mr. Dondero, "they wrote to us about it and we gave them considerable information. We did not use the exact language quoted in the dispatch, however. The dispatch says that it was reported that California can supply the American market throughout the year. The yearly orange crop of Italy is very great, and several millions of people live upon the orange and lemon business alone. Italy exports about 150,000,000 oranges a year to this country, and about 180,000,000 lemons. Most of the lemons are from Sicily. But few of the oranges come to this coast, nearly all being absorbed by the Eastern market. A few lemons come here, however, not more than about 4000 boxes a year. Last year nearly 6000 boxes were imported, but that was above the average. The Italian lemons are much harder than ours, and will keep for eight months and stand a trip across the ocean. They will then be nearly as good as new. Our lemons, however, with the best of care, will not last more than four or five weeks. Most of the lemons are from Sicily. In the East they always talk about the Mediterranean citrus fruits, but nearly all of them are from Italy."

"Have any of our oranges been exported to Italy?"

"Oh, yes, but only in small amounts—more samples than anything else. The Italians have pronounced them very good. From the amount of capital invested in the business there, and from the fact that the business is one of the leading industries of the country, you can readily see why the Government, in behalf of the Italian merchants, should make these inquiries. They desire to ascertain just how the American production is going to affect their trade. I have no doubt whatever that California can produce ten times as many oranges as it does now, for all the way from Los Angeles to Shasta they can be raised. This is a peculiarly fortunate State, you must know, for we have not the heavy winds and frosts of Florida, and the soil is well adapted to raising oranges. The amount of orange production of California is in fact as yet undetermined. Nobody can tell it. In 100 years it may be 100 times greater than it is now."

"How do our lemons compare with those of other countries?"

"They rank about third. First comes the Sicilian, then the Australian, then the Californian, and then the Mexican. The Mexican lemon will not last as long as the Californian even. Our lemons will not last to Europe. The times will last longer, but are not used as much as the lemon. The lemon trade is one of the greatest resources of Sicily. The Italian Government, as you may see from the steps already taken by it, is doing all it can to assist the Italian trade in oranges and lemons, and is acquiring all information regarding matters which might affect it."

## ASPASIA.

Defense of a Noted Grecian Lover.

[Forthnightly Review.]

Aspasia, with her small, arched feet, and glorious wreath of honey-colored hair, was the loveliest, as well as the most cultivated woman of her time. The honor paid to womanhood in its beauty, grace and intelligence culminated in Aspasia. With more vivacity than Helen, she was as fascinating, as love-inspiring. She had every virtue but one, and even Socrates forgave her the want of that one. The Greek ideal of beauty and mind matching each other—"In a fair body a fair soul must dwell," says Socrates—had its fullest expression in Aspasia, the beloved of Pericles, himself the embodiment of the most beautiful and the most honorable national ideal. She was his teacher in eloquence, and perfected his gift of verbal beauty. To her, indeed, it was said really due that famous oration which he pronounced in honor of those who fell in the Samian war, as well as other examples of that eloquence which "flashed and thundering like Olympian Zeus, shook all Hellas." For her he broke all other ties, and repudiated his wife that he might be faithful to her. For her this man, who ruled the noblest nation of the time, bore mockingly the sarcasms of the comic poets, and humbled himself to the people when she was accused of impiety—pleading her cause with prayers and tears, and winning her pardon by the very agony of his loves.

For her he lived, for her he died, Aspasia, of which she was the human symbol. She was his life, his love, his soul, his glory. She gave him the best of her superb intelligence, and helped him to be the man he was. She was the friend of Socrates, to whom also she taught the magic of her eloquence, as she taught it to Alcibiades; and her influence over such men as these, who loved and honored her, of itself proved her nobility of nature. Hetaira she might be, but she was not corrupt. It is impossible that she could have been a courtesan like Lais or Phryne. She must have been rather after the pattern of a modern free-lover—giving not selling—too surely not chaste, but as surely not infamous. She was learned in the arts of the times, and wrote on the science of cosmetics—her two volumes of happiness were in the Alexandria library.

It is not difficult to picture her, half-sitting, half-reclining, in the shaded side of the court, where the fountain splashes and the roses bloom; there the deft and graceful Lydian girl fans her with a Phoenician fan, and the tame thrush sings from the laurel boughs, which are its home; and where the peacock, about which so much slander has gone forth, suns itself on the wall, brought from its own artificial little island to delight her with its beauty. Grouped about are Socrates and his friends, disputing as usual on

virtues and the gods, the soul, beauty and love. Pericles looks at her, his eyes full of man's deepest passion; Alcibiades, too young yet to be a dangerous rival, sits near her, indulging in dreams which make him a willing one.

## NEITHER COULD READ THEM.

Gen. Dunn and Senator Morrill Exchange Important but Unreadable Letters.

[Washington Letter.]

A number of gentlemen were talking in front of the Ebbitt House last evening, when one of them said: "That reminds me of a story which Lot Morrill once told of his own writing. It was at the time when Maj. Dunn, of the army, was paying attention to the general's daughter. The young people had come to an understanding, but Miss Morrill thought that his consent ought to be obtained before they proceeded further. Maj. Dunn wrote a nice letter to 'papa' in which he requested that the future of the young lady might be confided to his care. Senator Morrill could read the signature, but the rest of the letter was worse than Greek to him. He devined its contents, however, and at once wrote a reply to which the desired consent was given. Dunn took it to his lady-love with the remark: 'Here's your father's letter.' 'What does he say?' eagerly inquired the young lady. 'I have been trying to find out ever since I received it,' was the answer, 'but I can make nothing out of it.' Miss Morrill tried to read it, but said, 'too, failed.' 'Never mind,' said the lover, 'we will get married anyhow.' And they were married. Mrs. Dunn has both the letters framed. She says that there is not a person on earth who can read either of them."

## A YOUTHFUL PRINCESS.

Nothing in all the morning of the Jubilee service at Westminster Abbey was more effective and pretty, says Truth, than the entrance of Princess Feodore of Saxe-Meiningen, the granddaughter of the Crown Prince of Germany and Queen Victoria's great-granddaughter—a charming little girl of 8. She entered alone and walked up the nave, heralded by two of the Lord Chamberlain's Foot Guards and followed by a lady-in-waiting. She was dressed in white, with pink ribbons, and a leghorn hat, with a white feather. The demure way in which she stalked up the abbey, bowing and smiling at every step, was inimitable, and it so charmed the assembly that every one rose to do her honor—an unexpected tribute which evidently delighted her. She is a very pretty and most intelligent-looking child, and as if she had stepped out of a picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

## TESTING HIS LOVE.

[Morning Post.]

"Clarence, dear, do you love me?" said a Henepin Avenue girl in a soft, cooing tone, that sounded like the musical sighing of the wind in the trees.

"Of course I do, my ownest own," replied he, reproachfully.

"With whom else do you part?" she continued, as she wound her alabaster arms around his neck and toyed with the rear of his 25-cent necklace.

"With my whole heart and soul, darling."

"Well, then, the next time you come to town, bring me a box of chocolates, I'm not going to have that hatchet-faced Dolly Stiggins, with her red hair, driving off with that freckled-faced beau of hers with a double team, while I ride in a single rig."

## HER WAITING EYES.

Her waiting eyes, so deep and true, Having searched the tender twilight through—

"Where day and night embracing meet At eve in one short interview.

The fireflies glance, a fairy crew, The sighing breezes softly sue,

The casement roses all entreat Her waiting eyes.

GEORGIA ROBERTS.

## THE QUESTION.

Still on the lips of all we question, Still the finger of God's silence lies,

Still the lost hands in ours are folded?

Will the shut eyelids ever rise?

Oh, friends! no proof beyond this yearning,

This outreach of our souls, we heed;

God will not mock the hope He giveth;

No love He prompts shall vainly plead.

Then let us stretch our hands in darkness,

And call our loved ones o'er and o'er;

Some time their arms shall close about us,

And the old voices speak once more.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Successful Enterprise.

Every man or woman who purchased stock in the companies who are selling the Wolf-kill, Porter, Providence and other large ranches, will acknowledge that they never made better or safer investments. The demand for good land is such that all the land that is available is bought at any reasonable price will certainly bring to the purchasers an immense return on their investment. The same enterprising gentlemen who are so successfully managing the ranches above mentioned have been fortunate enough to secure 12,000 acres of the best land in the famous Lankershim ranch, in the San Fernando Valley, only eight miles from the city, and well improved, with street tract before you buy. It will pay you, as "the hills are booming." Terms easy.

In vain the blossoms brim with dew, When the elf-lighted cross her view.

The myrtle boughs are at the east—

For down the mossy sylvan street,

A lover swiftly comes to woo.

Her waiting eyes.

GEORGIA ROBERTS.

THE GEM BY THE SEA.

The fairest tract on the coast. Lots are selling fast. Those that bought six weeks ago are selling for 100 percent profit. Carriage meets all trains at Santa Monica. A free ride to the tract.

R. A. CRIPPEN & SON,

No. 2 Market Street, Opp. Courthouse.

FOR SALE—A BARGAIN—SIXTY

ACRES OF FINE LAND.

Well improved—For sale cheap.

20 acres in splendid grapes in full bearing;

20 acres in English walnuts and other varieties of fruit; 5 acres in alfalfa, and 5 acres in vines. Any amount of land.

Nearly the entire tract is surrounded by hedge and seven-wire fence. A good two-story house, well finished. This is one of the finest properties in the incoming town.

Call at the colony office before starting, and procure tickets for the carriage ride.

Rooms 3 and 4, Newell block, West Second street.

Hotel Cala

Should note the fact that the new hotel at Magnolia, or North Ontario, can be purchased now for the cost of the building, \$25,000, on terms, and a whole block of ground, worth \$10,000 will be thrown in. No such opportunity as this has been offered—for five days only. Address, J. A. Merrill, telephone 28, San Bernardino, Cal.

"Sunset."

Situated on the line of the new Santa Monica motor foothill railroad, is twelve miles from Los Angeles and five miles from Santa Monica, Cal., Monday, August 15th, room 16, over Los Angeles National Bank. E. E. Hall, Secretary.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

THE BURTON WATER COMPANY

Has opened an office at 44½ South Spring street, room No. 9. Business hours daily from 12:30 p.m. to 2 p.m.

Shares in this company can be had by applying to

LEOPOLD COHEN,

Secretary.

## Real Estate.

OF INTEREST TO INVESTORS.

W. B. AKEY.

## Real Estate.

F. O. CASS.

W. S. HAMPSON.

## REAL ESTATE!

One of the Finest Pieces of Business Property in the City.

Lot 50x165 on Spring Street, Near Third Street.

This Very Fine Property is Offered for Sale at the Extremely Low Price of \$875 Per Front Foot, for a Short Time Only.

BAER & BRANDT,

38 South Spring Street.

## BARGAIN!

Corner Flower and Ninth,

150x155 to Twenty-foot Alley in Rear.

\$100 PER FOOT!

ONLY ONE-THIRD CASH!

HISCOCK & SMITH,

OWNERS,

34 North Spring St.

THIS BEAUTIFUL PROPERTY

Is less than 1½ miles from new Santa Fe Depot, commanding fine view of mountains, San Fernando and city; well-improved, fruit trees, flowers, barn, cistern, tank, small house, etc.

Fruit, Water, etc., UNEXCELLED, and a GUARANTEED CAR LINE INTO THE HEART OF THE CITY WITH A 5-CENT FARE.

\$84 WILL SECURE A GRAND LOT RIGHT IN THE CENTER OF THE BIG "BOOM."

EASY TERMS: One-third cash, one-third six months, one-third twelve months; deferred payments at 8 per cent.

TITLE PERFECT.

Buy sharp and don't get left, as the lots will soon clear.

Fine for subdivision.

SOTO STREET.

300 feet.

A CHANCE!

\$750.

Nearly Five Acres.

One-third cash, balance 6 and 12 months with interest.

WAHAB AVENUE.

500 feet.

CORNWELL STREET.

STANTON & MATTHEWS.

No. 3 North Main. For carriage.

## WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

Buying lots three and four miles from center of city for \$500 to \$2000 each.

## WHAT WILL WE DO?

Sell you lots in more desirable locations on the hills, inside the 1½-mile circle, easy of access and beautiful lots, from \$50 to \$1200 each.

The best land in the famous Lankershim ranch, in the San Fernando Valley, only eight miles from the city, and well improved, with street tract before you buy. It will pay you, as "the hills are booming." Terms easy.

The Gem by the Sea.

The fairest tract on the coast. Lots are selling fast. Those that bought six weeks ago are selling for 100 percent profit. Carriage meets all trains at Santa Monica. A free ride to the tract.

R. A. CRIPPEN & SON,

No. 2 Market Street, Opp. Courthouse.

“RAMIREZ”

“RAMIREZ”

“RAMIREZ”

Situated on the East of Los Angeles, on the Santa Ana Road, and Adjoining the Property of Whittier, or Quaker Colony, on the East, and Lying Two and One-half Miles North of Santa Fe, Formerly Called Fulton Wells.

## SUCCESSFUL.

Lands in this favored section have brought the highest prices and sold quicker than in other localities. We propose to sell our town lots and acre property at low prices and on easy terms, giving those that buy a chance to make a large profit.

## INVESTIGATE.

Nature has laid out a town site for us in one of the most perfect locations that can be imagined. We ask that a personal visit be made to Ramirez, and we will prove that we have more natural advantages for a suburban town than any town site in Southern California.

Remember! Low prices and easy terms.

## CARRIAGES

Will leave our office, No. 10 South Spring Street, at 8 o'clock a.m. every morning. Free Ride to Ramirez! Free lunch at Ramirez! Apply early at our office for seats. Go and see Ramirez before the day of sale.

Maps furnished on application.

**R**AMIREZ lies directly north, two and one-half miles, from Fulton Wells, which has passed into the hands of one of the most powerful corporations in the United States, and the old name of Fulton Wells will soon be forgotten, as the name of Santa Fe will be substituted. Every one in Los Angeles county knows what the great Santa Fe Railroad system has done for Southern California, and when a powerful corporation like the Santa Fe Railroad thinks well enough of a locality to purchase land and name a town after their own great railway system, it expresses to the people that they, at least, think this part of the county superior to any other. Remember that Ramirez and Santa Fe interests are nearly one and the same.

LOW PRICES.	SOIL! Unsurpassed fertility. Everything grows without irrigation. Fine fruit trees and vines on the ranch. Go and see them.	EASY TERMS.	CLIMATE! NO FROSTS! NO FOGS! A cooler summer temperature than Los Angeles by ten degrees. Try it!	LOW PRICES.	VIEW! Magnificent panorama of landscape and ocean spread out before Ramirez; the ocean and Catalina Islands in front and Los Angeles to the right. Free ride to Ramirez.	EASY TERMS.
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Ramirez is the center of the most successful subdivision in the county. Sale commences

Wednesday Morning, Aug. 25, at 8 O'clock, Sharp,

AT NO. 10 SOUTH SPRING STREET.

No favoritism shown. The first on hand have first choice. Do not fail to take a fine ride out to see Ramirez, and get a good lunch at Ramirez.

Ramirez, 10 South Spring Street, L. A.